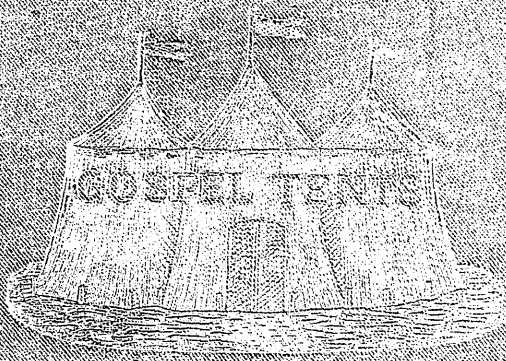
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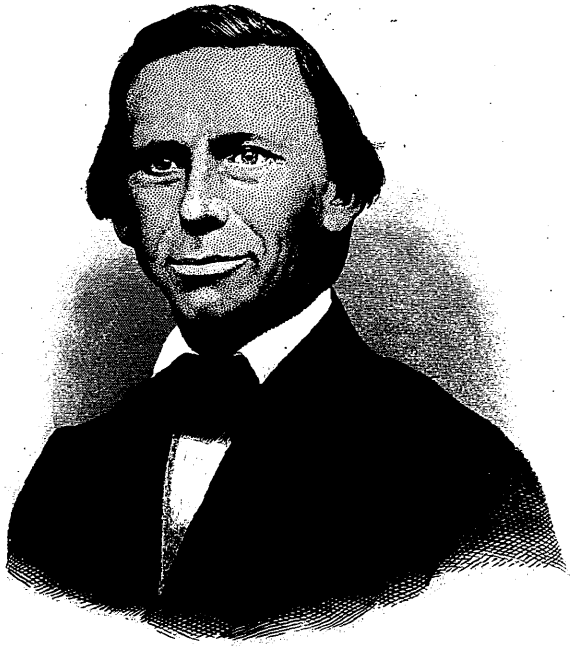

Yours affectionately
Andrew Manship.

THE HISTORY OF CHICAGO LIBRARIES

# GOSPEL TENTS AND EXPERIENCE.

BY

REV. ANDREW MANSHIP.

AUTHOR OF

"THIRTEEN YEARS IN THE ITINERANCY, WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE OLD WORLD," AND OTHER SMALLER WORKS.

"Lengthen thy chords and strengthen thy stakes." Isaiah, chap. 54, v. 2.

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel." Numbers, chap. 24, v. 5.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD UNDER HIS OWN AUSPICES.

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# DEDICATION.

As our last born, little EARLE ST. CLAIR, has so suddenly been taken from us by death, on the 11th day of December 1883; and as he was with me at Broad and Spring Garden in the Tent work so heartily, especially with the Workingmens' Meeting at noontime, and sang hymns and repeated the Lord's Prayer amongst them; and as the little creature so attracted the attention of the great congregation at one of the Sabbath afternoon meetings, that they raised ten dollars for Tent purposes to constitute EARLE a life member of the Tent Association; and as he was so true to religion, and as he used to say, "I love old fashioned hymns;" and as his little heart was delighted to attend Divine service, and funerals, with his father:

Therefore this Tent History is dedicated to his memory, with the most profound affection, by

HIS FATHER.

# PREFACE.

I WILL give a few reasons for publishing this unpretending volume.

1. I hope by so doing to create a greater interest in the welfare of non-churchgoing people, and convince any that may be doubtful on that question, that if we will go after the people with solicitude and open the door, they will readily come to the Gospel Feast.

2. I hope to stimulate my fellow-laborers to use simple, sensible and earnest means, and that by so doing, even in midsummer, great spiritual victories can be won right in the city full.

3. I hope to impress all my readers with the idea that if the Christian Church will assiduously work for the heathen at home as well as abroad, and if the people can see us saving the poor drunkard and really "rescuing the perishing," the means will be furnished to carry on the work from people not accustomed to sustain the Church.

4. I am hopeful that our meetings, being conducted on non-sectarian principles, and gladly accepting fellow-laborers from the Church of Christ generally, which seemed to give much pleasure to all, will have a tendency to prompt my fellow Gospel laborers to go and do likewise; demonstrating the truth of the Psalmist, when he says, "How good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

5. The first book I ever wrote, more than a quarter of a century ago, "Thirteen Years in the Itineracy," was read in manuscript by that now sainted man of God, the Rev. Bishop SCOTT. He also wrote its preface. Bishop S. was my most intimate ministerial friend; to him for aid I cannot go. "His loss I deeply feel." But my readers, I trust, will not view my little Tent History "with a critic's eye;" but as they read, say of the humble author, "He hath done what he could." And I earnestly invoke God's blessing to rest on this "work of faith and labor of love."

6. Finally, I will not disguise the fact that I want to be free. "From all entanglements beneath, call off my peaceful heart." I do not hold forth the idea, as in my former publications, that it is to aid the funds of this or that humane and Christian institution; but with the past and present work, and my future "Forty Years in the Wilderness," coming by and by, like my now sainted friend, Rev. John H——, who was oppressed but preached, wrote and scattered stirring volumes until he "owed no man

anything but love." My faith is strong that I shall live to see the year of jubilee and enjoy its benedictions.

"If forced from faith forever miserable,
For what is misery but want of God,
And God is lost if faith be overthrown."

ANDREW MANSHIP.

Philadelphia, Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30th 1883.

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# A BRIEF HISTORY

OF

# GOSPEL TENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

("How goodly are thy Tents, O Jacob, and thy Tabernacles, O Israel.")
Numbers, 24: 15.

Converted in a Tent when a Boy—Hon. James L. Bartol—Hon. Eli Saulsbury, U. S. Senator—Samuel G. Smith, founder of Bloomery—Dedicatory Sermon—Tents the order of the day—"I have put off my Coat, how shall I put it on?"—An old Sea Captain converted in a Tent—An Old Man converted, and his Son blessed, while praying in a Tent—Red Lion Camp Meeting—New Tent from Union M. E. Church, Wilmington—Pitch Tents Sixteenth and Coates Streets in 1853—Bishop Waugh lays corner-stone in the Tent—Friendly spirit of the Churches in loaning Tents—Soap used to good advantage—Uses made of North Penn Tent—First soul converted—Rev. Thos. T. Tasker and Rev. A. Atwood at Seaside in Tent—Tent goes to the war—Venango street Tent Meeting—A Soldier converted in the Tent—The Great Wigwam in Girard Avenue, 1866—I tried to get brother Ministers to help in Tent work—Simple means effectual—Successors of the Apostles—The Camp Tents at Chestnut Hill lithographed.

I AM sure it will do good to tell my readers my humble experience in connection with Tents and Tabernacles. First, I was converted to God in a Tent, "The Denton Union Tent," when I was a youth

at Three Bridges' Woods, about three miles from Denton, Md. As I was going in to seek the Lord, a class leader restrained me and endeavored to hold me back, but I persevered, with good results. We do not restrain the children now. This is progress in the right direction. I recollect so vividly a tall young man being near me, also sought the Lord very earnestly; I remember his position; he was flat on his back, looking up to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." He was faithful to the end, and though he filled high positions in the state, he was ever true to the church of his early choice. The person I refer to was Governor Gove Saulsbury, of Delaware. That was a glorious meeting, and lasted till the break of day. We wrestled like Jacob, the patriarch, till the angel had to say, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," and measured up to the spirit of one of the grandest hymns ever written by mortal man, where the poet says,

> "With Thee all night I mean to stay,
> And wrestle till the break of day."

The second sermon I preached, after having been licensed when quite youthful, was in a Tent, the forerunner of Bloomery M. E. Church, in Caroline Co., Md. It was a cold January day; I spent Saturday night with Eli Saulsbury, now U. S. Senator from Delaware; he was an official member at Wesley Chapel, and after voting for me to receive license, and hearing me preach my first sermon, took me home with him to his mother's

house and kindly entertained me; and bright and early next morning I started on horseback to my Tent, Bloomery meeting; I had the use of lawyer James L. Bartol's fine horse. Mr. Bartol was then a rising young lawyer in Denton, Md. His kindness to the young preacher and kindred acts have won for him an enviable reputation, and he is now the Chief Justice of the State of Maryland. How I would like to meet the now venerable Judge and thank him for his kindness to me in my early ministry in the home field. The Tent was on a sand bank; the winds whistled, the boards of this plank tent rattled; the young preacher did his best, and assisted by the glorious leader Samuel G. Smith, we made a joyful noise, and as the work of salvation went on and as we saw souls converted we thought of the passage, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." Grand meetings were held in that Tent; many Soldiers of the Cross, enlisted to fight for Christ and liberty, so that the work commenced in the Tent culminated in the building of the beautiful church that is an ornament to the neighborhood, and in 1854 I had the honor of preaching the Dedicatory Sermon.

On my early circuits, Tents were the order of the day. We held camp meetings, and woods meetings in my childhood's home, and on all my early fields of labor, "Pratt's Branch," "Combs' Woods," "Ross's Woods," "Kent Island," the Tents were a prominent part of the arrangement. At one of those Tent

meetings at Combs' Woods, as it was then called, between Camden and Dover, the enthusiastic young preacher could have been seen singing and shouting with his coat off, standing on the central bench in the Tent, the perspiration rolling down his youthful face profusely. No doubt some might have said there is more zeal than brains, there is a lack of dignity; but at that camp meeting the ministers were all quite zealous; my senior preacher, Rev. Wm. Connelly, long since gone to heaven, was flaming with the glory of God, and in that heated fiery meeting where I could say in the language of the bible "I put off my coat," an old captain, the father of an eminent minister, was most gloriously converted. Yes, in that Tent meeting, the devil seemed to throw him down and tear him, and he foamed at the mouth, and speaking as one having authority, and not as the scribes, Rev. William Connelly said, apparently addressing the devil, "I command you to come out of him." "And devils were subject to them." The devil was literally cast out. In 1843 Kent Island was a great attraction; the camp meeting was a grand success in Stephens's Woods; what grand ministers we had—Revs. Enos R. Williams, James Allen, Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Baltimore, Rev. William H. Elliott, and others. All that I have named, except Rev. William H. Elliott, are dead. Scores were converted; the present Dr. Roderick Earkison, the lady (Miss Goodwin) whom he afterwards married, and young Mr. Carter, the son of a rich man, who died happy in two weeks after camp meeting, were among the converts. Many conver-

sions took place in the large meeting Tent. I recollect a Mr. Bryan, a thrilling case of conversion; his father was converted in the stand, at that camp meeting; he was an old man who fought in the Revolutionary war; his conversion shook the camp meeting from centre to circumference. Late at night we started a meeting in the big Tent; his son had never been converted, though a nominal member of the church. I took the liberty to call on him to lead in prayer, and while he thanked God for converting others, among the rest, his venerable father, the power of the Holy Ghost came upon him, and he shouted "I am saved, I am blessed! glory to God for what he has done for my soul to-night!"

My next official connection with a big Tent was in 1851, at Red Lion camp meeting. I was at Union Church, in Wilmington; though we had built a new church in Wilmington, we felt moved to get up a large new company Tent. What power came down upon us at the dedication of that white-winged messenger of salvation! What glorious men I had associated with me from our church! such as Isaac McConnell, Jordan Staggers, Wm. Edmunson, Cyrus Stern, Albert Thatcher, and many others. What glorious women we had! such as Miss Margaret Rumford, Miss Elizabeth Hollowell, Miss Mary Temple, Mrs. Ford and others, the most of whom have pitched their Tents, never more to strike them, on the banks of the river of life. Though it has been thirty-two years, how vividly I remember the conversion of a gray-headed man from Brandywine Hundred, by

the name of Webster; and in that Tent—their name was legion, for they were many—over twenty were converted in one night. How this large beautiful Tent built us up in our most Holy Faith.

My next official Tent arrangement, and the largest of my life, was in connection with the erection of the new church on the St. George's lot, 16th below Fairmount Av., Phila. We were ready for the laying of the corner-stone in 1853. The day was bright. Bishop Waugh came on from Baltimore. I met him at the Baltimore Depot. I showed him the *Ledger* with the advertisement, headed, in the language of Scripture "To your Tents, O Israel." Said the Bishop, "that sounds like you, Brother Manship." "No, Bishop, not me, but it sounds like the word of God." We had tents pitched to screen us from the sun. The churches were friendly —St. John's, St. George's, St. Paul's and Wharton street. Rev. George R. Crooks, pastor of St. John's, came to our help, and after the Bishop had successfully laid the corner-stone, we continued the Tent Meetings. It was a city camp meeting, and so published in the city papers. The corner-stone was laid on, Thursday, and by the Sabbath we enlarged the borders and had Tents pitched sufficient to hold two thousand people. In the Sabbath Service, as I stood in the pulpit, like a camp meeting stand, some one threw at me a big piece of hard soap; it struck one of the posts and fell harmless at my feet. I said, "this will answer a good purpose; to-morrow is wash-day, I will take it home, and the washerwoman will use it in washing linens that we

will soil in getting just such sinners converted to God!" We worshipped in the Tents all the time, until the weather became too frosty and cold, then we changed our base and struck our Tents; hundreds were converted to God under those canvas sacred white Tabernacles. I like the white snow-like Tents, they indicate purity. As soon as the frost drove us from the tented field, we erected a more substantial Tent, viz., the temporary plank Hedding M. E. Church, and while the brick church was being built, nearly one thousand were converted to God. Glory to his name! That work will never stop—it will go on throughout eternal ages.

My next arrangement with Tent work was at North Penn, nearly a quarter of a century ago. We used our Tent for various purposes: first, we pitched it on the lot or near the lot where we expected to build the church—the Mission Church. The night of its dedication one soul was converted to God, a Miss Bodenstine, now Mrs. Drum, and a most effective worker in the present M. E. Church there, and in the providence of God, able with means and energy to do good service to the cause of Christ. Second, we used this Tent on an excursion to Atlantic City, pitching it on the beach; that was our Excursion House; we had a full supply of ice water, nothing stronger; we had grand music; we sent down an instrument, we had glorious religious services by the seaside. Rev. Thomas T. Tasker, and Rev. A. Atwood, were the principal speakers; nobly did they do their work; I am glad they are still living and happy on the banks of Jor-

dan. Thirdly, this glorious Tent finished its course in the service of the country. Rev. Brother Sewell, Chaplain of Col. Murphy's Regiment, asked me for it, as a place of religious worship for our noble boys in blue; I could not resist. Like thousands of patriotic men who went to the front, the grand glorious Tent never returned, but their works do follow them. What a patriotic and Christian act was performed by this Tabernacle!

We laid the corner-stone of the church in Venango street, east of Richmond, with the help of Tents pitched in the field in 1866. We repaired the North Penn M. E. Church in 1866, with the help of God and Tents, we re-dedicated it. We spent the day gloriously inside and outside of the church. The Tent meetings were the great attractions; a young man who fought in the war was gloriously converted in the Tent meeting that day, and God's power was displayed gloriously.

In 1866 when the north and the south met in the great wigwam to smoke together the pipe of peace, and hold patriotic grateful services, as a watchman on the walls of Zion, I looked out for a chance to advocate the cause of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. I was then city missionary of the M. E. Church. The wigwam was secured for religious purposes the Sabbath after the national meetings were over. I preached to a vast multitude; we had meetings all day; a great Presbyterian minister preached in the afternoon—Rev. Dr. Landis, of Tenn.; General Gregory, in full uniform, also told the old, old story of Jesus and his Love. He was a Presbyterian.

Ten tnousand tracts were distributed; one thousand small hymn books were there for free use. The instrument of music was sent from my house. My own boy, Levi Scott, played all day; the penny collections run up to near one hundred dollars. Such a meeting never perhaps was held in the City of Philadelphia. Why should it not have gone on?

Monday morning I went to the Preachers' Meeting; I laid the subject before the brethren; I asked them to "come over into Macedonia and help us;" I said, "let us hold a great city camp meeting; I can get the wigwam free, for Christ and his cause; it will hold ten thousand;" but I am sorry to say I was not encouraged, but discouraged. I remember one of the speakers charged the meeting with being the means of breaking the Sabbath.

That day the Girard Avenue cars run for the first time; but how flimsy was the allegation; better charge the company whose main aim was to make money regardless of the command of God, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!" I have often thought since I made a mistake in not taking the name of Jesus with me, and going ahead, relying on the promise, "Lo! I am with you always; even unto the end of the world!" How many opportunities we allow to pass, which, if improved, would result in the salvation of blood-bought souls!

If we do not enter into these open doors, can we blame others for so doing? Can we find fault, with propriety, with the Holiness movement, in-

cluding Tabernacle and National Camp Meeting arrangements? Can we find fault with the Salvation Army, and the hosts of Evangelists going forth, and Evangelistic efforts that are being inaugurated? God hath chosen simple, earnest means for saving souls; "plainness and simplicity becometh the Gospel," and if the Church gets too dignified to follow in the footsteps of the Apostolic Church, and too high-toned to follow the example of Wesley and our Fathers, He will raise up a people that will go out into the highways and hedges, and reach the masses. "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." My idea is, that all ministers ought to be full of Faith and the Holy Ghost, and gladly could we then "do the work of an Evangelist," make full proof of our ministry, and feel that we are in the most glorious sense of the word, "The Successors of the Apostles;" and convert sinners from the error of their way, and say, "Ye are my epistles, known and read of all men."

In 1871, while in my third year at Chestnut Hill station, I had tried almost everything that was proper to create a religious interest, and, as a finality, I told my brethren I wanted to hold a Camp Meeting in the beautiful grove near Willow Grove station. All united with me; we had fine arrangements, good seats, an excellent pulpit, a good bell, a fine organ, and we had a few Tents; none lodged on the ground but myself and family.

The greatest thing and the "central point of bliss," was Rev. Andrew Dowden Davis's grand large Tabernacle. This indefatigable clergyman

was then stationed at Harrington, Delaware, and by his enthusiasm and industry, helped on greatly by his grand Tabernacle which he had built to order, succeeded, not only in winning souls, but in erecting the beautiful M. E. Church in the town of Harrington, now one of the most flourishing towns in Kent county, Delaware. I had the honor of assisting in the dedication, both of the Canvas Tabernacle and the beautiful Church, which is the greatest of all the enterprises of that flourishing place. I place the Church at the head of all; she *is* the superlative good, and I do not wonder that David said: "I will not give sleep to mine eyes or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord—a habitation of the mighty God of Jacob."

Owing to the fact that I was quite intimate with the Rev. A. D. Davis, I ventured to ask him for the use of his Tent for my Chestnut Hill Camp Meeting. We did not deem it too much trouble or expense to bring this Tabernacle up from the State of Delaware. It nobly did its work, and made itself an immortal history. The most terrific thunder storm I can remember took place on Sunday night at the camp, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and heavy rain. The masses of people who were in attendance that Sunday night, were, from the raging storm, driven for shelter into this large Tent. We certainly took advantage of the circumstance. We sang appropriate hymns, such as—

"The God that rules on high,
And on the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas."

Rev. John Klein, of Philadelphia, preached from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God." He seemed to be inspired; never did he preach so powerfully as on that occasion. A stately oak at one end of the Tent in the meantime was struck and split open, a ball of fire passed through the Tent with the speed of lightning, and the great crowd of living humanity made a narrow escape. The preacher waxed more earnest and eloquent as the storm wildly swept over our camp. One young man starting to run at full speed for his home in Chestnut Hill, fell and ruptured a blood vessel, and died; the fear and trembling that came upon the people was intense. We held a glorious prayer meeting after the sermon was over, and felt happy in the work, and could sing sincerely,

"Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have Heaven and peace within."

I cannot say that any there and then were converted, but the impression made on hundreds will never be effaced. God did certainly come amongst his people on that occasion "like the rushing of a mighty wind."

Such was the interest of some of us in that apparently small Tabernacle arrangement, that when it was over, before our Tents were struck, we had the camp lithographed. Mr. Davis's Tabernacle stands

out in bold relief, with the other small tents interspersed amongst the stately oaks. The likeness of the soldier-watchman, Mr. Nichols, now in his grave, can be seen. Mr. John H. Shultz, the writer, his wife, and Mrs. Bessen, can be readily recognised. Young Mr. Windolph and my own two little girls, Estelle and Gertrude, then only six and four years old, are very plainly printed on the picture. *How precious now that picture is to me,* and how significant the passage of scripture at the bottom of the engraving, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" My readers will understand this delicate allusion; the same tender subject will be adverted to elaborately as I near the termination of "Forty Years in the Wilderness, led by a Pillar of Cloud and Fire," perhaps a year hence.

As I now look on that engraving, Estelle appears to me beautiful, but not as beautiful as she did attired for the grave, and sleeping in her casket, on the 13th day of April 1883, in the chancel of the church where she was baptized when a babe, by our ever cherished friend, Rev. Bishop Scott. How she loved Bishop Scott; he preceded her just six months. They have met ere this, and she will be a star in his crown of rejoicing. There and then the words of Mr. Wesley were verified:

> "Ah, lovely appearance of death,
> What object on earth is so fair?
> Not all the gay pageants of earth,
> Can with one dead body compare."

But the half has never been told. How much

more beautiful she will look clad in her robe of pure white, "washed in the blood of the Lamb;" her face shining like the countenance of an angel, and "by and by" soul and body reunited, fashioned like unto His glorious body,

> "Arrayed in glorious grace,
> Shall these vile bodies shine,
> And every shape and every face
> Be heavenly and divine."

When I wrote the foregoing chapter, it did not appear that I was to labor in the great tent, Broad and Spring Garden. That was an after-consideration. The opening was unexpected, and as set forth in the beginning of the next chapter, Providential. The first chapter was designed for "Forty Years in the Wilderness, led by a pillar of Cloud and Fire." It may be that in that largest and probably last literary effort of my life, the whole of my *Tent History* may be incorporated, as it is an important item in my "Forty Years in the Wilderness," and that work will, as we hope, have quite a general circulation. My present idea is to let it reappear in the contemplated work.

Tents are a Scriptural arrangement, and were a great power in early Methodism, and will ever be if maintained and properly managed. The M. E. Church at Columbia Avenue and Twenty-fifth street, is an outgrowth, in an eminent degree, of a Tent under the control of the energetic Rev. Robert Harkinson. And of the churches it may be said "their name is legion, for they are many," which have emanated from the pitching of a Tent in the

name of the Head of the Church, here and yonder. "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature." What fine facilities do "Gospel Tents" afford in enabling us to fulfil the above command.

## CHAPTER II.

The Leadings of Providence—Dr. Webster Superintendent—The Sanctuary Trustees—The Saturday Night Meeting—Rev. Anthony Atwood—The Young People's Meeting—Rev. Jerome Lindermuth—The Writer did the best he could at Night—Monday Afternoon and Night—The Inquirer's Kind Notice—Tuesday the great Battle was fought—Wednesday night fully Dedicated—None saved till Saturday night.

HOW good it is to be guided by Divine Providence? "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel." And the sweet verse, "He leadeth me," is a tower of strength to the believer. I feel glad to be confident that I was thus led into the great Tent, Broad and Spring Garden, July 25th 1883. I visited one of the oldest members of Sanctuary M. E. Church. Yes, the very oldest that day—a soldier of 1812—who was sick in Brandywine street, viz., Charles P. Broadwell, who has recently joined Sanctuary by certificate. After having a sweet season of song and prayer with him and his excellent and accomplished daughter, Miss C. J. Broadwell, who delights to "honor her father and mother," though the latter loved one is in Heaven,

I was led into the Wigwam, the immense Tent where the Australian circus and Indian show had been going on since last May; but for want of sufficient patronage the exhibition had terminated, and nearly all the Indians had left for other parts.

The superintendent, Dr. Webster, found out as I looked around the premises, that I was a minister, and held connection in some way with a church, and he said, "This Tent, and all that relates to it, will be sold on Tuesday, July 31st 1883, by Mr. Thomas, the auctioneer, unless private arrangements should be made to stop the sale. There have been religious parties here holding meetings of a religious character, and they thought of purchasing, but did not, for reasons best known to themselves, consummate the work. If you desire to use the place for next Sabbath—the intervening Sabbath—you are welcome to it." I told him I would report to him at an early day. I duly laid the subject before the Board of Trustees of Sanctuary M. E. Church, and they said, "We cannot assume any responsibility in reference to expense. If we can be excused from that, and have the pulpit well supplied, we will not object." This I told them should be done; and I hoped to benefit and build up the Trustees' and Stewards' Fund, to some extent, rather than deplete them.

On Saturday night July 28th 1883, we held our first religious service. Everything was against us. 1st. The influence of the exploded show was not favorable. 2d. Those who held the fort, reli-

giously, in an Evangelistic movement, encountered much opposition and persecution, and religion unjustly was brought into disrepute. 3d. A great many people think, unfortunately, that the day is past, now that we have so many Churches, for such bold aggressive steps. All these things were against us. The congregation did not number over fifty; but Rev. C. F. Turner, Pastor of Nazareth M. E. Church, delivered a stirring address, full of fire of the Pentecostal stamp. The writer did the best he could to show that such an arrangement was reasonable, Scriptural, Apostolic and Methodistic. The singing was lively, and on the line of olden time; the collection was excellent, and paid our expenses, and more too. The writer said: "There are a thousand things about Moody and Sankey that won my heart, when those glorious Evangelists were laboring in Philadelphia; but there are two things that I dissented from; one was they were not willing that there should be much shouting. I saw a lady sung down, who was so filled with the Holy Ghost she had to 'Cry out and shout!' The other point was, no collections were taken up. I am heartily in sympathy with a holy shout and liberal collections; they both do good to a meeting. These are two important planks in the platform of Salvation I hope will always be kept up in meetings with which I am connected."

The first Sabbath—and we supposed it would be "the Alpha and Omega"—we were favored with an excellent preacher morning and afternoon. At 10½ Rev. A. Atwood, the oldest minister in the Phila-

delphia Conference, preached an able Gospel sermon. While I listened to him, I felt a desire that his days and years of effectiveness might be increased; for even now, at his advanced age, who writes more vividly on topics which he takes in hand? The sermon was earnestly delivered, and clear on the great doctrine of sanctification, which he delights to spread with his pen and with his tongue; which was that day as the pen of a ready writer. We made him a life member of Sanctuary M. E. Church. Mr. Sinkler, of Nazareth M. E. Church, contributed $5 in gold. This much encouraged my heart; I felt glad to see so valuable a man was in sympathy with us. I can testify that to me, all through my ministerial career, I have seen much good "come out of Nazareth!"

The Nazareth preacher, Rev. C. F. Turner, effectively aided me in the Young Peoples' Meeting, which was held before Rev. Jerome Lindermuth preached, at 3½ P. M., a thrilling gospel sermon, on the "Spirit and the Bride say come, &c." This fellow-laborer in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ, is ready, and always has been through his ministry, to enter into every open door to elevate humanity and "win souls!" His sermons, and the articles which he occasionally writes for our Church papers, do not give an uncertain sound. He is a strong man in body and mind; and whatever Churches are favored with his ministerial services, will prosper under his energetic ministry. I am happy to say, both the minister and his Church (Asbury, West Philadelphia), sympathize

with me in this grand, bold effort to pull down the strongholds of the devil. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

At night I tried to preach on "Caring for the neglected." The Congregation by this time had run up to 600 or more; and as we had the use of the Tent until Monday night, we resolved to "improve each shining hour;" and the meetings in the afternoon and night were full of interest and promise.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* kindly published an article in its local columns on Monday July 30th. It is as follows:

## AT THE TENT.

### INAUGURATION OF A RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT AT BROAD AND SPRING GARDEN STREETS.

Rev. Andrew Manship, who has lately been officiating at Sanctuary Methodist Episcopal Church, has undertaken a new religious movement in the Tent at Broad and Spring Garden streets. Mr. Manship has always been successful in this particular line of missionary work. Hedding Church, his second enterprise of the kind, began with ministrations in a Tent, which in a short time was superseded by the once well-known Plank Church, then by the Brick Building on Sixteenth street near Fairmount Avenue; and now, since the union of the congregation with that of Trinity, by the elegant Stone Church on Mount Vernon street. Last week Mr. Manship's attention was directed to the Tent at Broad and Spring Garden streets, where some Evangelists had already been at work, but without very great success, and by Saturday evening everything was in readiness for the first service, at which some fifty hearers assembled.

Rev. C. F. Turner, pastor of Nazareth M. E. Church, assisted Rev. Mr. Manship, who delivered an address on the usefulness

and importance of Tent services as an adjunct to parish work; pointing out that many would assemble in a Tent who could not be induced to attend Divine service in Church; and relating parts of his experience in Tent work, in which connection he gave several interesting incidents.

Rev. Mr. Turner, who followed in an earnest address, referred to the well-known anecdote of Rev. Lyman Beecher's preaching, on one occasion, to a single hearer, who, through the instrumentality of that sermon, became eventually a useful preacher of the Gospel.

Yesterday there were several services during the day. Rev. A. Atwood, the oldest minister in the Conference, preached to a congregation of a hundred on entire consecration to the Lord. Rev. C. F. Turner officiated at three, Rev. J. Lindermuth at four, and Rev. A. Manship again at eight P. M., the subject of his sermon being, "Hope for the neglected and outcast ones!"

Mr. Manship has long been known outside of his denomination, as well as within its limits, as the author of that interesting work, "Thirteen Years in the Itinerancy," in which the story of a minister's experience is told with a quaintness of expression and a straightforward simplicity, which will give to the work an increasing value with the lapse of years.

Services will be held in the Tent at Broad and Spring Garden streets, at three P. M. to-day, and again at eight o'clock this evening. Their continuation will depend upon the prospect of the good to be accomplished by them; but there is some talk of the purchase of the Tent for revival work, both in its present situation and elsewhere. Should this be done, due notice will be given of future gatherings.

Monday night, the gentleman who owned the tent, Mr. Fred. Lubin, of New York, a kind-hearted, liberal-minded Jew, whom I met in this city a few days before, and found much of a gentleman, sent on his attorney, Mr. Gladding, and I must say with him I was much pleased. He attended our Monday night meeting; I really did not know

he was in the meeting, and I am glad I did not, for I might have been restrained somewhat by the presence of this New York attorney. I am so glad to think he was pleased with our zeal and fervor, and at the close of the meeting we had an interview and he said: "Our conviction is, you can and you ought to buy the tent; if it so strikes you, I am authorized to stop the sale to-morrow morning, and close up the business with your people on the following terms: Price $300; terms, $100 cash to-morrow, the 31st of July; $100 in thirty, and $100 in sixty days." It required faith in God to hold out to him the idea we would accept. This we did as soon as we ascertained that we could occupy the ground, and right away on the spot go forward with the religious services. Notwithstanding the lessee of the ground was a Roman Catholic gentleman, I shall have occasion to refer to him again in the kindest manner. This point gained, which was an important one, we took the responsibility, and arranged to pay $100 at 3 o'clock on Tuesday, July 31st 1883.

Monday night after this bold step was taken almost single-handed and alone, except, "Lo, I am with you always, &c.," we met our official Sanctuary Boards, and paid over to them, after paying our expenses up to the close of the Monday night meeting, something over $20. We felt very grateful to the Head of the Church. Tuesday morning by sunrise I was up and doing; took no dinner that day; penetrated into different parts of the city, wherever I thought I had a friend. I was at one

place where I was hopeful, but failed. The party showed me kindness by offering fruit and preserves; but that to me just then was "vexation of spirit." I wanted "fruit unto Holiness, that the end might be everlasting life." The bent of my mind was not to eat preserves, but to do what I could to put up and *preserve* this grand arrangement "to them that are sanctified by God the Father, and *preserved* in Jesus Christ." Just then every earthly luxury was insipid; and I had to say to that splendid lady friend, "Lo, onward I move!" She bid me God speed.

The hour of 3 o'clock came, and I met Mr. Gladding, the attorney, and had to tell him two things: 1st. I only had $60. 2d. I have a funeral at 3½ at Columbia Avenue near Twentieth street, and another at Ulrick street above Fairmount Avenue, between Fourth and Fifth, at 4½ P. M.; I must be excused; I have done all I could; if, however, God wants me to occupy this field, He will provide the means. If you choose to have another meeting at 6 P. M., I will meet you here after I am through with the funerals. I did my duty faithfully at both funerals, and did

"Awhile forget my griefs and fears,"

and at 6 P. M. I was at my post at the office of the Great Wigwam. Now I want the reader to closely observe the Providence and approbation of God, who I have tried in a weak way to serve "from my youth up." As I entered the office a worldly man slipped into my hands $40, and said, "I will not

need it till August 15th; go forward with your work!"

I thought I had, as before stated, $60, but it was only $55; and at the decisive moment an old Episcopalian friend came in and handed me $5, making the $100. Then when the notes had to be endorsed, it really appeared singular that Providence led another non-professor to step forward unasked to endorse them. This gentleman I baptized when a child, married him to his excellent wife, now in Heaven, and recently spoke at the funeral of his valuable mother. May he be blessed in his deed. The two gentlemen were Dr. Webster and George W. Campbell, Esq.; the first-named friend furnished the $40 as a temporary loan, and the latter endorsed the notes. I am happy to say, by God's blessing, we returned the borrowed money on the 15th of August, and paid the notes on maturity, without taxing our dear, kind friend, Mr. Campbell, to the extent of a dollar for the notes. I could say—

"The great transaction's done;
I am the Lord's, and He is mine."

And as we were weary and heavily laden, prudence led us not to arrange for service on Tuesday, for our hands, heads and hearts were full; and as an old writer said, we "Had a good many irons in the fire, tongs, poker and all;" so we dispensed with the idea of services till Wednesday night, when we commenced in good earnest the work of faith, and labor of love; having purchased all appertaining, not only the Tent, but lumber, offices and beds that had been used by the

Indians, and nearly, if not quite a hundred flags of all nations. We took down the former show, Indian circus sign, and had neatly executed on oil-cloth material, with hinges at top and spread out at the bottom, on both sides the following bulletin, that, perhaps, during the campaign, was read by 50,000 people, as follows:

"Gospel services in this Tent every day at 3 and 8 P. M.

"The Kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever!

"Services in charge of Rev. A. Manship, supplying, temporarily, Sanctuary M. E. Church, Fifth below Girard Avenue.

"All denominations of Christians, both ministers and laymen, are invited to take part! 'The poor have the Gospel preached unto them.' Welcome to all!"

All classes came, more or less; a few Indians, colored people, Protestants and Roman Catholics, high and low. Some specimens of down-trodden humanity, young and old: "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people!" The Saviour "came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance!" Quite a number took the temperance pledge—one female amongst the rest. But my readers will perceive, by reading the succeeding chapter, it was not till Saturday, the 4th of August, that any one sought and found the Saviour. But our faith was strong that there would be "More and more to follow."

## CHAPTER III.

The first Convert—Several take the Pledge—An interesting Letter—Our object to benefit the Churches—All classes attend—Laborious day—Young McAllister—Kind notice by the Philadelphia Inquirer—Rev. Mr. Kurtz—Anecdote forty years ago—John Huggins, the Poet—Colored Clergymen helping us—Brooklyn Evangelist—Two remarkable Funerals the 9th of August—Death of Harry Smitten—The results of the Labors of 30th November 1882—Great Children's Meeting—Praise to Tract Societies—Took several to Sanctuary—A glorious Union Meeting—Rev. James Morrow, D.D.—Endorsement by the Populace—The Doxology was sung—Rev. J. R. Merrell's Faith increases—Rev. J. Y. Ashton—Rev. Mr. Young—A thrilling Conversion—Kindness the best—Two Colored Men singing with their Children—Ethiopia stretches out her hands—Great events to follow—The Ledger's Editorial—Refrain from these Men.

QUITE earnestly did we labor without seeing any one converted until Saturday evening, August 4th 1883, at which time one gentleman who had the day before signed the pledge, and who had always been an infidel, as he told me, professed to be saved, and his wife also. I found him on Sabbath morning, the 5th of August, at Sanctuary M. E. Church; he heard me preach on "I am doing a great work," &c., and was baptized and joined the Church on probation. He is a sweet singer; it is to be hoped he will now sing for Jesus, and in the glorious kingdom when our work is done on earth sing the new song. In Heaven, we poor sinful, but redeemed mortals, will outsing, if faithful, the

Angels, "to Him that hath loved us, and washed us in his own precious blood." I have visited this family at their neat little home, and prayed with them. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be. But he that thinketh he standeth, let him take heed lest he fall."

On the 4th of August several joined the Temperance army; I had no printed pledges, but a written one was just as good, and an impromptu pledge just as binding. One female among the rest joined; she also knelt for prayer. It is hard for a confirmed drunkard to reform; I always recommend them to go to "Jesus for the cleansing power;" Jesus will help them; if they will cast their burden on the Lord "He will carry them through." Who will gainsay a Saturday night meeting if it saves "a poor sinner," such as I have described?

I received this touching letter on Saturday, the 4th of August 1883. It speaks for itself:

PHILADELPHIA, August 4th 1883.

REV. MR. MANSHIP:

DEAR SIR: While passing down Broad street Friday evening, the singing within the Tent attracting my attention; something within me directed me to enter. It was late when I entered, and you were speaking, and what you said has greatly affected me.

I'm a young married man; had a very nice situation in the wholesale liquor and wine business, which I held for five or six years; but fate it seems, and other trouble, drove me to take a little too much, and, finally, I lost my position. I hold a good recommendation, but when I make application for a position elsewhere, the first question asked is, why you left your last place;

of course, telling the truth, why discharged; the answer is, if I'm not suited, I'll let you know. This worried me so to think that I met with so much opposition, and drank more and more; and, finally, I sold all my household goods, and my wife and I separated, and I have been wretched ever since. All I ask of you, good folks, is to pray for me, and implore Almighty God to impress in my heart his love, that I may have faith that he will restore back to me my home, and wife and his company, and I'll know all the rest will follow.

I felt like standing up last night, but it seemed my spirits failed me; but I intend to attend all your meetings, and I hope, with the help of God, before they close, that I may explain to the young men my false steps.

I close. I'm ashamed to give my name at present; but hoping you will pray for me,

I remain yours, &c.,

AN UNFORTUNATE.

The reader will perceive on the 5th we did not occupy the Tent for the morning service. We did the first Sunday, because we thought that would be the only day we should be there; but when we found that Providence was opening our way for a continuance for a longer time, our sense of propriety led us to urge all to attend their morning services; and our main object was to reach the non-church going people who would be more apt to attend in the afternoon, and especially, at night. Our aim was not to injure but benefit the churches all around, and especially to build up Sanctuary in every sense of the word. How grandly did Rev. Sylvester M. Chew, pastor of the Twentieth Street M. E. Church, preach on, "Why sit we here till we die?" at 4 P. M., Sunday, 5th of August. Never did God help him more. His ministerial look, and

his earnest manner, and his "tongue being as the pen of a ready writer." Yes, that day, as Rev. William Arthur, the great Wesleyan English preacher, says, so I might say of that slim, angelic-looking man of God, he had "a tongue of fire," the word "ran like fire in dry stubble," and brought down the Power of the day of Pentecost, and he spoke burning words that led us to bestir ourselves.

At night the writer tried to preach to a great mass of people, from "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." In that congregation there were many barefooted children, women without bonnets on their heads, and men in their shirt sleeves; and I saw at the same time an honorable gentleman that I had seen sitting as a judge of the court in this city; I saw a military gentleman that I had seen at the head of his regiment, marching to the front to do battle for his country; "my house shall be called a house of prayer for all people." At the close of our feeble efforts, the choir sung and played on the instrument the piece, "Come again rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves," with wonderful effect on all present. This was a very laborious day for me. I was called out of the 3 P. M. Evangelical Alliance meeting (which, among others, was addressed very sweetly by Mr. McAllister, a young Irish layman, not long in this country), to attend the funeral of a noble soldier of the late war in Whitehall street, not far, however, from the great Tent. His comrades of the Army of the Republic buried him with the honors

of war. Just as I returned my young Irish friend closed. I heard kind words spoken of his effort. May the Head of the Church open his way to great usefulness in his adopted country. I am happy to say this young man has since joined the Sanctuary M. E. Church. This is the first church he entered in America.

On Monday evening, August the 6th, my old fellow-itinerant in the days of other years, Rev. M. D. Kurtz, now pastor of that model church, Union M. E. Church, where the General Conference was held in 1864, preached a sermon that did his head and heart great credit. He seemed to have the fire and vivacity of youth. He is spoken of and the meeting, in the following article cut from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of the 7th of August:

### THE TENT.

#### REVIVAL SERVICES GOING ON.

Mention was made last week of the efficient work done by Rev. Andrew Manship, now in charge of Sanctuary Methodist Episcopal Church, in holding Tent meetings, and especially of the new enterprise undertaken by him at Broad and Spring Garden streets. In that connection it is gratifying to be able to announce that the Tent in which the revival work was commenced has been secured for religious service, at least till the 15th of August, under Rev. Mr. Manship's direction. This new departure was inaugurated on the evening of July 28th, and the congregation has been steadily increasing and the interest widening, until, last Sunday night, from one thousand to twelve hundred were in attendance. The congregation then assembled, included many non-churchgoing persons; and while many of the rough element was present, the gathering also comprehended a large representation of the respectable classes of the community. Perfect order was main-

tained throughout, and the sermons preached produced an evident impression upon the listeners.

Mr. Manship preached in the morning of Sunday last in his own pulpit, administering the sacraments of the Lord's Supper and baptism, the latter to a gentleman who was converted in the Tent on the evening of the previous day, and whose wife has also professed faith in Christ. Sanctuary Church was closed for the afternoon and evening service, and the congregation adjourned to the Tent. In the afternoon there was an attendance of eight hundred, to whom Rev. Mr. Chew, of the Twentieth Street M. E. Church, preached an able sermon. Rev. Mr. Manship preached in the evening, the Choir of Sanctuary Church assisting in the service of song. Last night a powerful sermon was preached by Rev. M. D. Kurtz, of Union M. E. Church, and services will be continued every evening this week.

I will give my readers an anecdote relating to Rev. Mr. Kurtz which occurred nearly forty years ago, so it will be seen Mr. Kurtz and myself are not of the young brood of ministers, and yet, probably, quite as active and "abundant in labors" as the most of them, and, perhaps, understand the art of soul-saving as well as the most of them, and I hesitate not to say Union M. E. Church not only honors Michael D. Kurtz in having him as her pastor, but honors herself and shows her good sense in not getting the mania for young men all together. But to the anecdote: Rev. N. Ridgley, long since gone to his reward in Heaven, and myself were helping Brother Kurtz with a Protracted Meeting in Easton, Maryland, where he was then pastor, an appointment of honor and responsibility. It so happened while Brother Ridgley, of precious memory, preached, a youth fell asleep and fell from the pew

with a considerable crash, and cried out in dismay and fright for help. In the next service, the writer was considerably excited, and in some of his gesticulations and "smiting with his hand and stamping with his foot," the pitcher of water was capsized, and the pitcher broken into fragments. My readers can imagine the effect on the audience; and Brother Kurtz, full of humor, wit and fire, said in private (he was too prudent to say it in public) circles: "I have two *very powerful preachers* assisting me, I certainly cannot fail to succeed: my friend, Brother Ridgely, preached so powerfully that he knocked off of the bench a youth, and he fell at full length; and my zealous Brother Manship was so full of power and spiritual strength that he smashed the pitcher." After all, this is somewhat scriptural, and reminds one of Gideon: "And they blew the trumpets and break the pitchers that were in their hands; and they cried, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" What signs and wonders followed. So it will ever be in the Church in routing her enemies; and we shall go on from "conquering and to conquer," if we have the spirit of Gideon and his heroic band, and "inquire for the old paths the good way, and walk therein."

I was much struck with the attention paid to everything that was going on in the Tent by a little aged Irishman. He was at all the services, day and night. Though not a Methodist he seemed so much pleased. The longer I live the less sectarian I am becoming. "How good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in

unity!" I was so sorry to lose my little Irish gentleman out of the congregation—he was called away from the city. He sent me the following letter before he went, which, with his poetic effusion, make up to some extent for his absence:

PHILADELPHIA, August 4th 1883.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN THE FAITH:

No doubt you will think it strange in me sending such a document to you as the following, but I hope to be forgiven the liberty taken. I regret having to leave the city for a few days, thereby losing your profitable exhortations.

I composed the following few lines a short time since for self-application; it is a pretty good picture of my mind, and I can say that I have not lost sight of the Blessed Saviour during the last fifty years, and I do believe he never lost sight of me. I find that all is well with me. I do see the road clear and straight before me, guided by that compass that never errs, Jesus Christ, the only mediator. This is from the old Irishman that has been so much edified by your exhortations in the Tent Meetings. I pray the Lord prosper all your efforts for good.

INDICATIONS OF THE COMING DAY.

My sun is setting in the west,
  It's glimmering light I see;
Its daily fading from my view,
  A warning unto me.

Time passes on and does its work,
  And in its haste makes no delay;
It hurries us from youth to age,
  And then we pass away.

Our flecting days are numbered all,
  When they're fulfilled we must obey;
And as the Lord to Adam said,
  Return to our mother clay.

Still I am living through God's mercy,
After seventy years and nine;
Still sustained by Him whose kindness,
Followed me since ere I mind.

I wait and hope with full assurance,
Believing that the time is near,
That will bring the promised blessings,
When the Saviour does appear.

Time brings the autumn of our lives,
The leaves grow dry and withered all;
The tree is rotten at the root,
And soon will be the fall.

To God I cheerfully submit,
To Him my breath resign;
His wisdom worketh out what's best,
And why should I repine?

Jordan's stream I soon may cross,
Like all that's gone before;
My guide has promised to conduct,
And bring me safely o'er.

All things he will restore again,
As they had been of old;
And all the scattered flock of Christ,
He'll gather to his fold.

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard,
Nor hath it entered in
The heart of man to conceive,
The joys in store for him. Amen.

JOHN HUGGINS,
531 N. 15th Street.

Glad he returned, and he has been with me all the time. I have shared in his hospitalities; and I have said to him, pleasantly, "as your name

indicates, let us frequently have good religious fraternal *huggings*, if we do not salute each other with a holy kiss, as directed by Paul."

As we have had a large number of colored persons attending the Tent services, I endeavored to call in some clergymen of that race (now important citizens amongst us). I have had Rev. Mr. Robinson, an ordained minister from the South, to lead in prayer, and Rev. Moses Osborn, a local preacher from John Wesley M. E. Church, of this city, and was to have been favored with a sermon by Rev. Mr. White, Presiding Elder in the Delaware M. E. Conference, on the 9th inst., but he was taken sick. How opportunely Rev. Dr. Surgison came in, and how nobly he preached on the spur of the moment. The sermon was not inferior to any yet delivered in the Tent. One has said, "A minister ought always to be ready for two things, 1st. Ready to preach; 2d. Ready to die."

We gathered from the remarks of this grand orator that he had been an infidel, and through a mother's love and a mother's prayers, had been gloriously converted. He is the pastor of the Second Advent Church, located on Seventh below Poplar, Philadelphia. He preached a soul-winning and soul-saving doctrine, and I said to myself, the word preached would not fail to be the power of God unto salvation, and would help gloriously to hasten on the reign of Christ, when we could all sing:

"Shout ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious!
Over Heaven and earth most glorious!
Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns."

From my heart I pray, hasten the day when He shall reign triumphant here, and sway a universal sceptre.

The Brooklyn street preacher who has been sent on to assist Rev. Mr. Cullis, in the lower part of the city, with his Evangelistic work, as I understand, did nobly exhort after Rev. Dr. Surgison, in an impromptu way. He is a hale, robust young man, reached by the labors of Mr. Moody. He spoke of himself as having been a confirmed infidel and vagabond, and by dissipation and prodigality brought down to the greatest degradation; but Christ had saved him, and now he was telling to others "how He saved a poor sinner like me." Such experiences overthrow infidelity. We hoped to have had him the next afternoon, and so announced, but for some, no doubt, good reason, he did not come. He made a good impression on the people who listened to him; he has been very useful in Brooklyn; no doubt he will be wherever he goes, telling the "old, old story of Jesus and his love."

What a laborious day the 9th of August was, and yet "labor was rest." That day, in addition to the labors which devolved upon me in the Tent,

I had two remarkable funerals to attend. The first at 1½ P. M., though a small funeral, was deeply solemn, on Brown street near Tenth. The lady was a Roman Catholic; she had had a liberal education; her husband, who seemed so deeply to feel her loss, was not a member of any Church; he was intimately connected with one of my Tent committee-men, Captain N. Auble, and in this way I was called upon to attend the funeral. From there I went direct to attend, on Girard Avenue near Eighth street, the funeral of Mr. Fiss, the unfortunate gentleman who was, it is said, struck fatally recently, by his keeper, in the Insane Institution at Norristown. This was an immense funeral. He was connected with the Grand Army of the Republic, and a number of other societies. He was a noble-looking man as he lay dead, dressed in uniform, in his coffin. I tried to do my duty fearlessly, with a body of police and soldiers around me. It was an exciting occasion, but I believe good was done. Since the funeral I have visited Mrs. Fiss, the widow, and prayed with her, and found she and her sisters had been associated with me in the Sabbath School, while I was pastor the last time of Hedding M. E. Church, corner of Sixteenth and Fairmount Avenue. I urged her to cast her care on Jesus. I told her to think of "what a Friend we have in Jesus!" The gospel is a panacea for all the ills and misfortunes of life.

"Here bring your wounded heart,
Here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow
That Heaven cannot heal."

It occurs to me, ministers ought eagerly to accept invitations to attend and speak for Christ at all the funerals they can. *Speak to the living.*

We can make impressions then that we cannot at any other time. I have done this work to a large extent all through my long ministry. From this field in the great harvest, I expect to bring many sheaves with me.

At the close of this busy week, on Saturday night, the 11th of August, after listening to a grand discourse from Rev. Dr. Hastings, from Boston, which the people duly appreciated, I had heard during the day that my little friend Harry Smitten was dead! I felt, though jaded and worn down, I must go and comfort his parents. I asked Mr. Frank Morris, a young trustee of Sanctuary M. E. Church, and with me cordially in my Tent work and every good thing, to go along. When we reached Harry's home, at 2522 Marshall street, it was between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, but we received a cordial welcome from his bereaved parents. Some five or six years ago I attended the funeral of another one of their little boys; now Harry is called home, their last son.

Mr. Smitten invited me to dine with him on the last Sabbath in November 1882. It was a stormy day, but a bright one to my soul—perfect sunshine. How glad I am I succeeded in getting Mr. Smitten, with Harry, to accompany me to Sanctuary Church, where we induced both father and boy to enrol themselves as Sunday School scholars and Christian workers; both kneeling in the afternoon service

after Sunday School was over, in the main body of the Church at the mercy seat, or to be still plainer, at the altar, and since which time have "stood up for Jesus." We prayed with the family at midnight—how solemn is midnight—both myself and Brother Morris, and engaged to attend dear little Harry's funeral, on Tuesday, at 3 P. M., the 14th of August, which was faithfully carried out, Edw. Cline, Esq., Superintendent of Sanctuary Sunday School assisting me. Though Harry was not quite ten years old he faithfully trusted in Jesus, and heroically met death and conquered the King of Terrors, and now this is another link in the chain of love to bind the hearts of his parents to the throne of God.

"Parents and children there shall meet, and meet to part no more."

At subsequent meetings in the Tent, his bereaved mother bowed in prayer, and earnestly sought the Saviour, bent on joining her children over there. Always when God sorely afflicts He has some noble end to subserve.

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

The Sabbath, August the 12th, was bright and fair. We had a childrens' meeting at 9 A. M. Rev. C. F. Turner led the meeting, and won the hearts of the little ones, who could quite truthfully say, heretofore, to a great extent, "No man cared for my soul!" We had procured beautiful cards with mottoes; some from the Protestant Episcopal book

store; some from the Methodist Episcopal book store; some from the Orthodox Quaker book store. Be it spoken to the praise of those organizations there was no stint on their part, and freely did they bestow on us the leaves shaken from the tree of life for the healing of the nations, in the shape of tracts and the fly sheets of salvation.

We adjourned our childrens' meeting, and repaired to our different churches for public service at 10½ A. M. I took with me to Sanctuary several persons from the Tent, and amongst the rest an aged man of sixty-five, for whom I feel a deep interest. I found him very honorable, refusing to receive anything in the shape of alms; he wanted work; he was selling maps; I bought one when I did not need it so as to be charitable, notwithstanding appearances were against him; I had him to share with me my breakfast at my own table. He writes a beautiful hand; he has been in the employ of the government; he has seen better days; he is a painter by trade; I wrote him a letter of commendation to a leading painter in reference to a situation; I hope to be a blessing to him. "Strengthen the things that are weak and ready to die." He bowed before the Lord in our meeting, and though an aged man tried to "present himself a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service." At that period of life this is a difficult task. While there is life there is hope. We are prisoners of hope. "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him."

The prayer, praise and experience meeting began

at 2½ o'clock P. M., and grew in interest till the end. It was delightful to hear men of God testifying to the power of the Gospel to save. Mr. Dill, an Elder in the Chambers's Presbyterian Church, was so thrilling on personal salvation. Mr. Murphy, of the Lutheran Church, was as clear as the noonday sun, on Christian experience. Mr. Proud, of Scott M. E. Church, described most graphically his conviction and his glorious conversion, and certainly made the writer feel thankful when he said, "I was convinced that I was a lost sinner, unless saved by Christ, by hearing Brother Manship, many years ago, preach in a downtown church on "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What an honor for a minister to be able to say, "Ye are my epistles known and read of all men!" What a joy it gives a servant of God to know his labors are blessed!

Rev. James Morrow, D.D., Pastor of Tabernacle M. E. Church, preached at 4 o'clock an able and sympathetic sermon, wonderfully calculated to encourage the chief of sinners. Many wept over the fact that their sons and friends were among the lost, but took courage from the sermon they might yet be found. "This, my son, was lost, but is found; he was dead, but is alive again." Rev. Mr. Morrow was divinely assisted, "rightly dividing the word of truth." At night Rev. J. R. Merrill accidentally came in. I invited him to preach. He preached on the "Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul," to a great gathering of the people; he was signally happy in his sermon. Towards the close

of that immense meeting the writer put the question to the mass of people before him: "You that approve of these services, and the effort to reach the masses, and feel that we ought to be encouraged in this laudable undertaking to rescue the perishing, will you rise up, whether Catholics or Protestants, rich or poor, young or old, saints or sinners?" All simultaneously arose to their feet, and while standing we sang with enthusiasm twice over:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Rev. Mr. Merrill was with me the first day of the meeting in the Tent. He said, "On the first day," after he preached so spiritedly, "Brother Manship opened this Tent for religious purposes; I am frank to confess I was weak in faith, and felt it would be a failure; but now I am strong in faith with this array of people before me, and the tide of feeling sweeping over us—it will be a success." I would not presume to teach Brother Merrill theology, for he is older than I am in the ministry, but that was not *faith*, that was *sight!* "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." I saw the people before that night, when they were not there. I saw the grace of God and was glad, in the conversion of souls before it took place; I had "the evidence of things not seen." "Lord increase our faith." How are we to retreat

from the field? "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," "the voice of the people, the voice of God." I hope to die in this work. "Die like a martyr; fall at my post!"

On Monday night I was disappointed again, and Christain women lent a helping hand, not only in the afternoon but at night. They helped Nehemiah in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. Little Charley Pilgrim also spoke about the Saviour sweetly. It is quite unusual to see so young and small a boy standing up and speaking for Jesus. I hope his effort was blessed to some of the many apparently neglected children who attended our Tent meetings. If he were my boy I should be proud of him. I would praise God for the gift. A year ago what valuable services he rendered us in our meetings at Sanctuary. Charley has my best wishes.

Tuesday afternoon I was burying the dead and missed the meeting, the only one of the series. Rev. J. Y. Ashton, moral instructor of Eastern Penitentiary, preached on "There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." After he was through a man who had been a prisoner, bowed at the mercy seat; we bent our energies to lead him to the "Rock that is higher than I!" During the day I met him in the street, and I told him Mr. Ashton was to preach to-night, he must come. He told me he was hungry, and said "I get plenty of whiskey offered to me, but from everything else I am turned away." I went with him to a restaurant and told them to give him something to eat—a square meal—and I would pay the bill. It is better to give a starving man bread in order to get

him saved than to give him a tract, though I am a tract man. "I was hungry and ye fed me!" These words fell from the lips of Jesus.

Now we come to the closing day, the 15th of August. It was a rainy day, but quite a number met at 3 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Young, from Scotland, a Presbyterian speaker and worker, preached a sermon full of pathos and power, and every one felt greatly encouraged. Rev. Mr. Long, the Presbyterian minister who preaches so effectively illustrated sermons, sent Rev. Mr. Young to me. He was a grand helper. Many years ago I preached for Mr. Long in Broad street, on the text, "Come thou with us, we will do you good, &c." A stenographer took my sermon down correctly. I knew nothing of it till he brought it to me, and I gave him two dollars for it. I do not suppose it was worth purchasing, still we may hear from it in time and in eternity.

Rev. C. F. Turner preached the last sermon, Wednesday evening, August 15th, on "Though your sins be as scarlet or crimson I will make them as snow or as wool." A thrilling conversion followed! It was a man who had been wealthy, who had married into one of the best families in Kentucky; his father was a congressman from the First District of New York, for many years. I used to hear the colored people sing, when I was a boy, a quaint old song, at the corn huskings and other festive occasions, as follows:

> "Whiskey, whiskey, you very well know,
> Has robbed my pocket and brought me down low."

It was so in his case, but a little kindness makes an impression on a friendless man. We pitied him, and let him sleep the night before under our canvas, with two other unfortunate ones. I gave my voice in favor of that, for I remembered once being asleep at a camp meeting in a Union Tent, and how I and other lads, rather friendless, were compelled to vacate the premises at a late hour. The impression made on us was not favorable to religion, and we said pensively in our hearts:

"Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?"

This case will be referred to further on in the History of the Tent. See the "power of God unto Salvation."

In our last meeting, winding up our second series, we recognised a blind colored minister that used to be a slave in Maryland. He led in prayer; his little girl sung a beautiful hymn at the close of the meeting; we made him some little offerings in money, and then in a pleasant manner we said: We can approximate in a slight degree in connection with this Tent expedition, to our blessed Master, when he said, on a certain occasion, to one sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up thy bed and go into thine house!" So we having secured with the Great Wigwam Moving Tent, some dozen or more mattresses on which the Indians slept before the surrender to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords,

we said to the poor, blind colored man, who was with us providentially (we speak it reverently), "Arise, take up thy bed and go into thine house," and so the mattress was borne away gratefully. Is it not true, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?" Jesus said, "the poor you have with you always, but me ye have not always."

I will give another reminiscence of a Florida colored man with his two children who visited one of our Tent meetings. He prayed eloquently, and at the close, he and his children sang some touching plantation songs, what some might call "doggerel rhymes and cornfield ditties." They were well received, and I took occasion to say, the great, immortal Martin Luther sang in the streets at one period of his life for a living, and now let us give this southern ex-slave and his children some little help for entertaining us so grandly. It was kindly done by the congregation.

"Ethiopia stretches forth her hands," and our hearts beat in unison with their hearts, and as we should have done, we lent a helping hand.

The lessee of the ground, Mr. McNichol, kindly extended to us the use of the ground free till the end of August. My readers will perceive that we closed up the preceding chapter by giving an account of what was to be the last day of the feast. We hope, as God opens our way to move on, "go forward," feeling that the field "is white unto harvest." And ere we close this feast of tabernacles we hope to arouse, by the power of God and ocular demonstration, a deeper feeling in all the churches for

home missionary work, and not in the least diminish the zeal and ardor of the glorious M. E. Church, and all other churches who are laboring to conquer the world for Jesus; and lead the heathen in his blindness unto the glorious light of the Gospel, "and crown him Lord of all." We on our knees have asked God to guide this "new departure" into which we have been plainly and providentially led, and give us favor with our own beloved M. E. Church, both ministers and members, and all the churches, as he has most signally done with the outside world. "We love the church our blest Redeemer bought with his own precious blood."

This Saturday afternoon, August 18th 1883, at 3 o'clock, we begin our third series to reach the masses. We see, by faith, grand and glorious results: 1st. We expect to hold a noon-day workingmens' meeting, as we are right under the shadow of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, where at least three thousand men are employed. Perhaps the reader will say, the men will not come. "Oh ye of little faith!" you cannot drive men, but you can lead them. "He that winneth souls is wise." May the Lord give us faith, wisdom, courage and the unction of the Holy One, and then we shall be prevailing Israels as well as wrestling Jacobs.

Perhaps God has called me to do them good. For years I have married some of the workingmen, baptized their children, visited the sick and buried the dead; why not have influence enough to lead them to the Rock that is higher than I? How God has honored our faith our readers will see further

on. Already our great Tent is asked for, with the view of holding an immense temperance meeting on Saturday, August 25th 1883. The special committee to procure the Tent consisted of a Quaker and a Jew. We will lose sight of our respective sects, and "reason of rightousness, temperance and a judgment to come," and go *en masse* against a gigantic evil that is sweeping tens of thousands of our community down the whirlpool of destruction—amongst them our sons, husbands, fathers and brothers—and we are ready to cry out, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

Let me beg of all not to find fault, but "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Do not use influence to retard the work; "one sinner destroyeth much good." "Work while the day lasts." Work for God. Work for Jesus. Work for the masses.

Do not split on the following rock. For this timely article we are indebted to the great *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia:

### DEFAMERS OF GOOD NAMES.

It is related of Aristides, the Athenian statesman, that when the question of his banishment was before the people, Aristides himself was requested by a stranger to write his own name upon the shell which served as a ballot for proscription. Aristides inquired of the man why he wished the sentence passed; and the reply was: "I am weary of hearing him styled 'The Just.'" This disposition to disparage a man because he has a good reputation, is not now unfamiliar to schemers of a certain sort.

Still, when a man is dead, and can no longer stand in the way

of another man's envy or spitefulness, justice, and often more than justice, is generally done to his memory. Such at least has usually been the case. The world has been content to remember the dead at their best. It has happened, however, within the last decade or two, as the *Ledger* has before this found occasion to remark, there has been shown a disposition to cast traditional idols from their places. The effort is constantly made to rake up and exhibit whatever was weak or reprehensible in the lives and characters of the men whose names have been household words; when one gets a new book on an old biographical subject, it is taken up with something akin to apprehension on this account. Whoever would keep his cherished admiration for hero, or saint, or favorite author, must, as a rule, avoid the works of the latter-day critics. Many of these writers appear to be weary of hearing the traditional praise, and to have no better reason for their course than the Athenian had.

Unquestionably, it is injudicious to overpraise any man, living or dead, for this is sure to provoke disparagement. On the other hand, it is unjust to the memory of the dead and to the character of the living to meet overpraise with detraction just as ill founded. There is no historic character, and there is no living man without imperfections and faults, which should not be paraded, except for some good or necessary purpose.

When a notable man dies, posterity makes up the verdict. If he has done service to humanity, and left his mark for good in the world, posterity is generous; and more than generous—just. We are bound, in gratitude for the benefit we derive from the world's progress, to remember chiefly the services of the dead. Their public acts and influence for good are what chiefly concern their posterity. If the ideal portrait is flattered, that is but a minor matter after all. It is rather refreshing and grateful to our better thoughts to dwell upon the pleasant features; and if the idea is over-colored, the better model have we before us.

If this editorial of the *Public Ledger* applies to me in any degree (I do not know that it does), "the least of all saints," I would say to all to whom it may concern, I am nearer to God to-day than ever before. I

am more bent on devoting myself to *saving souls than ever before*, as an humble instrument, and feel thrilled with the thought that God has the greatest work of my life yet for me to do. As I reflect on the excellent health God has given me, and the doors that are opening for me, and as I see the hearts of the children of men are fully set in them to do evil, I pray to the Lord to spare me many years, so that I may be useful in my day and generation in "rescuing the perishing." Ought we not, especially ministers of the gospel, shed for each other the sympathizing tear, and rejoice in each other's success in winning souls? "Salvation, let the echo fly," I bid all faithful men of whatever caste God speed. "And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, *and let them alone*, for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God." "Ephraim shall not envy Judah; and Judah shall not vex Ephraim!"

> "Envy dogs success;
> And every victor's crown is lined with thorns,
> And worn 'mid scoffs."

"For ye neither go in yourselves, nor suffer ye them that are entering to go in!" But God's faithful workmen must say, "none of these things move me."

## CHAPTER IV.

Workingmen's Meeting—Specimen Sermons—One thousand Circulars sent out—The Funeral of a Workingman—Ministers, Laymen and Christian Women helping—Meetings non-sectarian—Professor Foster and lady volunteer to give us music—Volunteers better than Conscripted men—The Philadelphia Newspapers kind—The two Lectures towards the second hundred—One noble man buys fifty—Faith in God, the People and ourselves—"You did not believe you could"—Complimentary resolutions relating to lectures—The Prodigal comes home—The Holy Ghost fell upon us—The testimony of converts—Mr. McNichol—The Police Force kind—Little Earle made a life member—Handbills and Hymns sent out—A tribute of respect to Friends—Mr. Joseph Clough—Eight Denominations represented—Predict a bright day to-morrow—The Onesimus Sermon—Faithful helpers—Sketching a sermon—Rev. Mr. Denning and Rev. Mr. Hambleton—Rev. Mr. Smith of Salem M. E. Church—Rev. Mr. Golday—The Bible Society—Rev. Irvine Torrence—Lost, perhaps saved, by a Mother's Prayer—Rev. Jacob Hinson's sermon.

MY readers will bear in mind that I spoke in the closing part of the preceding chapter of establishing a "Noonday Workingmens' Meeting;" this I did on Monday, the 20th of August 1883, and have kept it up every day until this writing, September 29th, sending out one thousand copies of the following circular:

Philadelphia, August 20th 1883.

## WORKINGMENS' MEETING

### In the Tent, Broad and Spring Garden,

Beginning to-day, Monday, August 20th 1883, at quarter past twelve and closing quarter of one o'clock, and so to continue during the week. The Meetings in charge of

Rev. A. MANSHIP,

Nearly 40 years an ordained Minister of the Gospel.

*You are cordially invited to attend these Meetings.*

Your fellow Workingman,

A. MANSHIP,

Residence, 1328 Jefferson Street.

Temporarily supplying the Pulpit of Sanctuary M. E. Church, Fifth Street below Girard Avenue.

After holding the meetings two weeks, I put it to vote as to whether I should go on or not, and every man, so far as I knew, voted, by rising, to go on. The meetings have numbered some days nearly one hundred, other days less. The men are very attentive to the singing and praying; and each day I have taken a text and preached ten or fifteen minutes. For instance, one day on the text, "So run that ye may obtain," I made three points: 1st. In the Christian race it is important to start right. I told them the starting point was a sound conversion to God. Such a change of heart, as Christ spoke of when he said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." 2d. Running the Christian race

implied exertion, effort, zeal and perseverance, stretching every nerve to reach the mark "of the prize of our high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus." 3d. We are running for a glorious diadem, not for a fading crown; not a perishable prize, but a crown that never fades.

"The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee.

But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love;
For ever bright it will be,
Oh, that's the crown for me."

One day I preached from, "No man cared for my soul." I exhausted the ten minutes in giving reasons why we should care for the soul. 1st. On account of its immortality in eternal happiness or woe. 2d. On account of the price paid for its redemption. We were not purchased with "silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Jesus." 3d. On account of its intellectuality and great capabilities. 4th. On account of the conflict that is going on between Heaven and Hell in relation to the soul.

On one occasion I had my youngest child with me, a little boy five years old (since deceased), who recited the Lord's prayer very distinctly, and stood by me while I preached to them. My text on that occasion was, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as a little child, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven!"

On another occasion, a beautiful little girl, Miss Smith, not more than three or four years old, spoke a delightful piece, and the men showed their appreciation by a great clapping of hands. Then I read out as my text, "A little child shall lead them." I endeavored to set forth how our children influenced and led us away from dissipation, and led us frequently to the Saviour when every thing else failed, especially in their death. "They cannot come to us, but we can go to them;" and thousands of impenitent fathers have been led to forsake sin, and deeply afflicted and bereaved by having every link in the chain of love broken by scarlet fever or some other sweeping epidemic have said, by the grace of God I will meet my loved ones over there. Thus the little child or children have led them "to a rock that is higher than I."

Whilst I preached to the workingmen daily, I attended the funeral (after visiting the person in death) of a former employee in Baldwin's Locomotive Works. Four workingmen were bearers. This brought me in close religious contact with the men, and gave me a strong hold on their sympathies. May much good grow out of this. The father of the young man was a Roman Catholic, yet I had the fullest opportunity to sing and pray with the dying and bury the dead after preaching according to the ritual of the M. E. Church.

The sermons by my brethren in the ministry in the Tent were able. The following clergymen up to the time of this writing, September 7th, 1883, preached, besides the writer. Revs. Anthony At-

wood, Jerome Lindermuth, C. F. Turner, James Morrow, D.D., M. D. Kurtz, S. N. Chew, Rev. Mr. Meyers, of Baltimore Conference, Bishop Campbell, of the African M. E. Church, Rev. Mr. Denning, of the Baptist Church, Rev. Dr. Surgison, of the Second Advent Church, Rev. Mr. Miller, of the Twenty-ninth Street M. E. Church, Rev. Mr. Kemble, of Front Street M. E. Church, Rev. Mr. Coleman of the Baptist Church, Rev. Wm. Formoso, Rev. Mr. Miller of Broad St. M. E. Church, Rev. J. M. Golday, Dr. Hastings, of Boston, a young Evangelist from Brooklyn, Fred Shevier, Rev. Mr. Graff, pastor of Roxborough M. E. Church, Mr. Hutchison, of the Presbyterian Church, and last though not least, Mr. Shugard, a young local minister of Nazareth M. E. Church. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come and see!" She has helped me for thirty years to extend Christ's kingdom.

Eminent laymen have lent a helping hand and spoke with profit, among them Mr. Calhoun and a brother just from Liverpool, Episcopalians; Mr. Murphy of the Lutheran Church, and Mr. Dill, an Elder of the Chambers Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lowry, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Proud, and Mr. Cornish. The last named are from different M. E. Churches. Mr. McKnight, a letter carrier; he delivers, no doubt, many important messages. He certainly delivered, in our Tent meetings, many short, pithy, earnest messages—messages of salvation. He is full of joy! God's people should shout aloud for joy! He established a Mission in St. Mary street; he is ready to work for Jesus. May he win to Christ

his brother letter carriers. God bless them all! He is doing a grand work in his way. How they could all preach if saved by Christ!

Christian women have effectively aided us, and nobly stood up for Jesus—among them Mrs. Pilgrim, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. DeHass, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Mathers, and others, all of different sects, but one in Christ. "For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

The meetings have been non-sectarian. I told an incident on this point that seemed to make a good impression. During the late war, in a hospital at Washington, a soldier was dying—he was a Christian; the Chaplain asked him "what church do you belong to?" He replied, "I belong to the Christian Church." Said the Chaplain, "I mean what persuasion do you belong to?" The dying soldier said "Persuasion, persuasion, persuasion! I am *persuaded* that neither life, nor death, nor principalities, or powers, things present or things which are to come, heights, depths or any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus!"

In my sermon, on "O, Lord revive thy work," preached in the Tent, I said, "bigotry is a barrier in the way of the revival of God's work. I would like to see Old Bigotry put to death; I would like to preach his funeral sermon, and see him buried so deep he would never have a resurrection!" I do not sympathize with the following sentiment:—

"The good old man too eager in dispute
Flew high, and as his Christian fury rose,
Damned all for heretics who durst oppose."

Professor Foster and his wife, Presbyterians, have rendered us valuable gratuitous services in the way of song and music. He was a volunteer, unknown to me, and modestly handed me a card in the Tent, to the effect that if agreeable, he and his wife would sing and play a certain pathetic piece relating to the rescue of the lost sinner. Nobly did they then do their work, and since have on this line effectively helped the cause of Christ. I said they volunteered; in the late war, one volunteer to fight for his country, whose soul was in the cause, was worth a half dozen conscripted or drafted. We want volunteers and courageous soldiers in this good fight of faith.

"We want no cowards in our bands,
That will their colors fly.
We call for valiant-hearted men,
That never fear to die."

The press is calculated to do a vast amount of good. The secular press has seemed more inclined to notice kindly this work than the religious journals, for which we "thank God and take courage." In this respect the *Philadelphia Inquirer* has taken the lead. I hope I shall not be offensive to my readers in quoting the *Inquirer's* article of August 31, 1883. "Kind words shall never die."

## THE LECTURES.

### REV. ANDREW MANSHIP ON HIS MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCE—THE REVIVAL.

Rev. Andrew Manship, the talented author of that quaint and delightful work, "Thirteen years in the Itineracy," will lecture to-night and to-morrow night on the same theme enlarged by an experience of twenty-seven years more. The proceeds of both lectures will go towards paying for the Tent. This enterprise, undertaken by Mr. Manship single-handed; has met with the success it deserved. The Tent, which opened as a "Grand Australian Circus," and was afterward occupied by some roving evangelists,[1] became, under the ministry of the pastor of Sanctuary M. E. Church, an important centre of religious interest, and as such has been maintained all summer.

On Wednesday evening Bishop Campbell, of the African Methodist Church, preached there to a large audience. Twelve persons have been converted, twenty-seven have risen and asked to be prayed for, and a large number have signed the temperance pledge. A noonday meeting is held daily for workingmen, Rev. Mr. Manship delivering a ten minutes' sermon on each occasion. The attendance at this meeting has been quite large, sometimes reaching nearly a hundred. Childrens' meetings are held half an hour before the regular service.

An all-day meeting was held on Wednesday from nine A. M. till ten o'clock at night. The officiating ministers were Rev. C. F. Turner, Rev. J. Lindermuth, Rev. Mr. Shugard, and others. To-day a workingmens' meeting will be held from twelve to one P. M., the revival meeting at three P. M., and the lecture at eight. The same programme is announced for to-morrow, with the usual service on Sunday afternoon.

His Methodist friends, clerical and lay, and those of all denominations who know him as an entertaining and instructive author, will no doubt rally to Rev. Mr. Manship's aid.

There have been noble-hearted men frequently in our Tent Meetings, not professing religion, not

[1] They were good people.—A. M.

Methodists who have put into the collection five dollars at a time; this has been done once or twice by a Quaker friend, seeing we were trying "to do good and communicate." We were much at times cast down in view of the one hundred dollars that came due about the 1st of September. But believing where there was a will there was a way, I suggested to the committee I would deliver two lectures, one Friday night, August 31st, and one Saturday night, September 1st, in the big tent, subject, "Recollections of my Early Ministry." For the two lectures the committee fixed the price at twenty-five cents. This was a success, and cleared us towards our one hundred dollars, fifty-two dollars. Be it spoken to the credit of Mr. Williams, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, he kindly heard our explanation of our effort to do good to his men and other workingmen, bought fifty tickets and paid for them on the spot. I can speak kindly of Mr. Moore, Messrs. Townsend & Hoopes, Mr. James C. Brooks, of the firm of Sellers & Co., and Mr. Bellfield, all heads of grand mechanical institutions under the shadow of our great tent. They helped us materially, and "the people had a mind for the work." So by God's blessing we paid the note, and when the last one comes due, October 1st, we shall, on the same basis of faith in God, faith in the people, and faith in ourselves, pay the uttermost farthing. I trust our readers will not object to the statement that we must have some faith in ourselves. Let me illustrate. In the late war, when Commodore Dupont was giving Commodore Dal-

green this reason, and that reason why he (Dupont), did not take Charleston, Commodore Dalgreen said: "Dupont, the reason you did not take Charleston, you did not believe you could do it." Lord increase our faith and help the church, the sacramental army, to believe we are fully able, in the strength which God supplies through his Eternal Son, to pull down the strongholds of the devil and shake the trembling gates of hell, and triumph in every place.

"The saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

In reference to the lectures, the following paper was presented by Mr. George W. Campbell and Mr. A. R. Scott at the close of the Saturday night lecture, and Mr. Harrison, acting as chairman, put it before the meeting, and it was unanimously adopted.

*Resolved:* That we have listened with great pleasure to Mr. Manship's two lectures on his "Reminiscences in the ministry for forty years."

*Resolved:* That he is hereby requested to continue those lectures at his earliest convenience, and deliver a course—say at least five more—in which he can review the forty years more satisfactorily to us.

*Resolved:* That it is the sense of this meeting, in view of Rev. A. Manship's arduous labors in this great Tent, it is right and highly proper that the

proceeds should, and it is hereby requested that they should accrue to him.

GEORGE W. CAMPBELL,
A. R. SCOTT.

I would just say, in reference to the last resolution, I expect no immediate aid from this great work. I am working on principle, to do good to others, and for my reward I must look beyond the bounds of time and space. But how rich will be the recompense of those who "turn many to righteousness." It makes us happy to make other people happy.

Up to this period (September 9th) we will take the liberty of recapitulating, and seeing "what hath God wrought" towards the salvation of the children of men: 1st. Thousands have heard the gospel, not accustomed to attending the churches, not only by the living ministry, but by the silent messenger in the shape of the evangelical tract; these fly sheets of salvation have not gone forth in vain; we shall hear from the "Dairyman's Daughter," and other tracts distributed from the Methodist Episcopal and the Protestant Episcopal churches, also from the Orthodox Friends' Book Store, on Arch near Fourth street, and the American Tract Society. Thank God for such auxiliaries to the glorious gospel!

2d. Quite a number have signed the Total Abstinence Pledge, and on September 7th one of them, a man six feet high, a prodigal son, was gloriously converted to God; at mid-day a light above the brightness of the sun shone upon him. Shoes have

been put upon his feet; if not the best robe, still a robe has literally been put upon him, and when he stood up at night, of the same day of his conversion, before all the people, and calmly and modestly told what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him, all felt thankful. He, like the prodigal when he came to want, said, "I will arise and go to my father." As a father receives a long-lost son, so will God receive his children who have wasted their substance with riotous living, if they deeply repent and come home.

"Come home, come home, child, your Father calls, come home!"

Fourteen professed to have been saved by faith in the sacrificial death of Christ. Over thirty others have stood up and asked us to pray for them. So we feel we have not labored in vain in the Lord, or "gone a warfare at our own charges." Many children's meetings have been held, and no doubt good will grow out of this labor of love.

On the 7th of September the Holy Ghost fell upon us. And at the close of the workingmens' meeting, we remained worshipping God until 2 P. M.; three persons knelt for prayer on the straw in front of our great platform, and more or less till 9½ at night, persons that had been saved for years, and saved at this meeting "began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance." I will sketch a few. A lady of great energy and business capacity who was gloriously saved some two weeks ago said: "I am glad I ever came here; I am glad I have found Christ; I want to bring my husband

and my brother that they may be saved too." I never saw such a visible change in the looks and movements of a person as this salvation made in her. Another lady said, standing up for Jesus: "I am so happy; I cannot tell half what the Saviour has done for my poor soul; pray for me, that I may be faithful." A fine-looking workingman, who had his wife and two children with him, said so tenderly: "I am blessed by coming into these Tent meetings; I heard the singing; I was drawn in by it; I stood up for prayer and sympathy; I am converted; I will stand fast; though in the shop where I work I hear so much profanity, I hope to be faithful." All were affected by this fine, reputable workingman's testimony for Jesus, and at our request all arose, and we sang the doxology over twice. Is it not strange so few warm-hearted Christian men and women "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" Indeed I do not pray the prayer, "Curse ye, Meroz, curse ye bitterly, because they do not come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" but rather say to my Methodist friends, and all Christian friends, please "Come over into Macedonia and help us." "The field is white unto the harvest." Oh that the Lord may send forth laborers. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Help that you may "come again rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves, and shout the harvest home."

I wish to notice a few more pleasing facts in connection with this work:

3d. The gentleman who is the lessee of the

ground, has received eighty dollars per month, and could command it now I presume, and yet he allows us to occupy the ground gratuitously; and I will mention to the glory of God, that I had the privilege of offering up prayer in his parlor, and he said to me so kindly, "I hope the Tent may be some benefit to you personally, for you deserve it, and I would rather you would have it than my own people." Said he, "I was present at Samuel Miller's funeral some years ago, in Poplar street near Fifteenth, where you preached. He owned stone quarries. I have dealt with him. He was a fine citizen. He said to me 'Mr. McNichol, you paid me for stone the largest check I ever received in my life.'" We owe a great deal to Mr. McNichol.

4th. At the beginning of the meetings we went to police headquarters, Twenty-third and Brown streets, to get special protection. Nobly did those in authority respond; they sent us Officer John Foster, No. 414, Officer C. D. Scott, No. 438, and also No. 424. They were faithful and gentlemanly from beginning to end, and to them and all others of the force who occasionally patrolled around Broad and Spring Garden streets we are under very great obligations. It is a wonder that this Tent religious meeting was not more disturbed, considering its recent position. And we most sincerely pray God's blessing may rest upon them, and that their career may be so useful and upright that it may be said to them in this world and in the world to come by the proper authorities, "Well done thou good and faithful servants, thou hast been faithful over a few

things I will make thee rulers over many things." The late Governor Holiday Hicks, of Maryland, began as a constable, then deputy sheriff, and progressed till he reached the Gubernatorial chair. And what is most of all to be prized, he was a Christian, a good man, and I expect to meet him in Heaven.

On Sabbath afternoon, September 9th, 1883, after a second thrilling sermon by Rev. S. N. Chew, pastor of Twentieth Street M. E. Church, we wanted to raise something beyond the basket collection, and our little boy, "Earle St. Clair," my youngest child, five years old, was proposed for life membership of the Tent Association. I said I hoped when I had "ceased at once to work and live," that my mantle may fall on my youngest boy, and that he may preach the gospel to the poor, and tell the old, old story that his father had "loved so long." I said to the little boy, tell the people what church you belong to, and he said in a clear, distinct voice, "I belong to Sanctuary." I held a Children's meeting there sometime ago and had all the children to stand around the altar and sing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," and some other proper services, and this little white-haired child settled down on the fact that he then became a member of the Sanctuary. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." May it be so with Earle. With great enthusiasm they raised ten dollars and made him a life-member.

5th. The following are some of the hand-bills we had printed and circulated, by which to attract due attention:

No. 1.

**CAMP MEETING SERVICES**

In the Large Tent,

**Broad and Spring Garden Streets.**

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To begin this Saturday Evening, July 28th 1883, at 8 o'clock, to continue at least till Monday Night.

This Saturday Evening, DEDICATION OF THE TENT, to the Lord our God.

Sunday Morning, at 10.30, preaching by REV. A. ATWOOD.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., YOUNG PEOPLES' MEETING. Addresses by REV. C. F. TURNER and OTHERS.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE PRAYER AND PRAISE SERVICES, at 3 o'clock.

At 4 o'clock, preaching by REV. J. LINDERMUTH.

At 8 o'clock, preaching by REV. A. MANSHIP.

All are Welcome and cordially invited.

Monday Services will be duly announced during the Sabbath.

This was the first circular distributed.

Many others were sent forth, but No. 2 will give the reader an idea of their character. It is as follows:

No. 2.

## MEETINGS GO ON

**In the Tent, Broad and Spring Garden Streets.**

To-morrow, Sunday, and the coming week.

LECTURE TO-NIGHT—SUBJECT: "Forty Years' in the Wilderness; or, Reminiscences of Forty Years' Experience in the Ministry,"

**By Rev. A. MANSHIP,**

**At 8 o'clock.**

Proceeds go towards paying for the Tent. THOSE WHO DID NOT HAVE TICKETS FOR BOTH NIGHTS, will be admitted this evening for 15 Cents.

**TO-MORROW, GREAT EXPERIENCE MEETING**

at 2.30 o'clock, PREACHING at 3.30 and 8 P. M

WORKINGMENS' MEETING from 12 to 1, and PREACHING at 8, all through the week.

**All invited. In behalf of the Committee,**

**A. MANSHIP, Chairman,**

**1328 Jefferson Street.**

**Philadelphia, September 1st 1883.**

We had 1000 of the following hymns printed on a sheet of paper, and given away. They seemed to be much appreciated, and were taken home by the people. Who can tell the effect that these songs may produce? "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Some of the hymns were used in the Tent, Broad and Spring Garden Streets, from July 28th till the

close of the meetings, and kept as special relics by the people:

### 1. There is a Fountain filled with Blood.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

### 2. Take the name of Jesus with you.

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHORUS.—Precious name, &c.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare.
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

O, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our soul with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.

### 3. I love to tell the Story.

I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.

### 4. Lord I care not for Riches.

Lord I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

CHORUS.—Is my name written there, &c.

Lord my sins there are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, Oh my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow.

## 5. Deliverance will come.

I saw a way-worn traveller,
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad.
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he iourneyed,
Deliverance will come!

CHORUS.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall wear.

While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels,
Came from the throne of God.
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!

I heard the song of triumph,
They sang upon the shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer never more.
Then casting his eyes backward,
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud hosannah—
Deliverance has come!

6th. One of the grand results of this great Tent meeting has been that the cause of temperance has been subserved. Two great mass meetings, each on a Saturday evening, were successfully held. A young, energetic gentleman, a working son of temperance, a Jew, Mr. S. Sternberger, did nobly in getting up the meetings. He won my heart by his zeal in the cause of temperance. No charge for the great tent was made, but the committee kindly handed our Tent Association the collections. Friend Supplee, a young man of promise, a Quaker, delivered the opening speech at the first meeting. He was convincing in his arguments, and witty as well as solid, and won the admiration of all who heard him. From his fine physique and his nobility of heart, it is to me passing strange that he should be what some call "an old bachelor," and we trust the day will soon come when he will feel it is "not good for man to be alone." "O fie upon this single life! forego it."

For the Friends I have an unquenchable love, no doubt much heightened by the fact that my mother was one till death; and my first wife was one; she was educated at the Quaker West-town Boarding School. How generous the Friends have been to us in our Tent work on this occasion.

Mr. Joseph Clough, of the firm of Carson & Clough, in Twenty-fourth above Green, acquitted himself well in both meetings. He spoke of total abstinence as being good for health, promotive of domestic happiness, and amongst the rest he had found it good for his pocket. How many fortunes

have been wasted by dissipation and riotous living? He referred to his church relations incidentally, and spoke in high terms of commendation of this great Tent arrangement under the auspices of Rev. A. Manship, of the M. E. Church. "I am a Blue Stocking Presbyterian, but appreciate such works of faith and labors of love as these. May God bless our indefatigable brother M.!"

Kind words are very refreshing, and it is said shall never die; and yet actions speak louder than words, and with a grateful heart I say in reference to the above-named Christian brother, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." He has been such a friend to me in carrying forward this work. To no one are we under such great obligations. May he not lose his reward.

7th. "Only believe." The beginning of the Workingmens' Meeting no doubt was laughed at; but I have learned that you can lead men where you cannot drive them. We distributed one thousand printed invitations to workingmen; and up to this writing, September 14th 1883, every working day has been utilized, and divine services have been held between twelve and one, rain or shine; and we felt willing to endure criticism for the sake of the hope of doing good, and participating in the joy that should follow.

> "Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave;
> Never to faint, doth purchase what we crave."

8th. At the afternoon meeting, on the 13th September 1883, we had in attendance, while the rain

came copiously down, representatives of eight different denominations: Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Baptist, United Brethren, Salvation Army, Presbyterian, Jew and Methodist; we had amongst the non-professors two sailors. We sang sailor hymns, and personally conversed with them about coming on board of the Gospel ship, and sailing with us for Canaan's peaceful shore. We sang—

"Come on board and ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind;
For our vessel is weighing anchor,
You'll soon be left behind."

My readers will pardon us for saying, that on that occasion, feeling strong in faith, giving glory to God, we said, notwithstanding the state of the weather and the impracticability of our worshipping in the Tent at night, "to-morrow we will be favored with clear weather; to-morrow morning the sun will gild the eastern heavens, and our meetings will be resumed with fresh enthusiasm and power." Early on Friday I was up and fully expected to see it bright and glorious, and so it was; and our milk-dealer, Mr. Uber, handed in, unasked, a bright dollar for the cause, and this was not the first offering from him. He was with us in sympathy from beginning to end, though not a member of any church. And so we expect a bright day, and we hope to have bright conversions. "According to your faith, be it unto you." "Great is thy faith, oh woman, be it unto thee as thou wilt."

Friday, September 14th 1883. A very interesting

meeting amongst the workingmen, between twelve and one o'clock. I explained "Onesimus, the unprofitable servant," and occupied twelve minutes in showing: 1st. The condescension of Paul. He calls him "my son!" 2d. It is impossible to stop the spread of the gospel. The apostle was a prisoner, but God's word was not bound. 3d. Never despair of the salvation of any sinner; while there is life there is hope! Onesimus was saved, and why not poor, wicked sinners of all ages? 4th. God works by weak instrumentalities. This servant or slave was so useful, so profitable to thee, Philemon, and to me, Paul the Apostle. 5th. How profitable, gentlemen, is religion in life, and especially in death, and to all eternity. Embrace it! Why not to-day?

The revival service at three was very interesting. An aged patriarch spoke; converted through the labors of Rev. Henry White, over fifty years ago, on Deal's Island, Maryland. A young Evangelist of the Baptist Church, Mr. Edith, thrilled us with instances which he gave, where the gospel had rescued the perishing! He was to us most truly a helper. At night Rev. Mr. Graff, of Roxborough M. E. Church, preached on "What wilt thou do when thou comest to the swellings of Jordan?" It was a moving, eloquent sermon, purely extemporaneous; creditable to his head and heart. No wonder his church is rising and flaming with the glory of God. No wonder his people are noble in their bearing towards him. I prophesy for this young man a successful career, not only in his beautiful church at Roxborough, but all through his ministerial life.

Would that we had many hundred like him; methodical, clear-headed, warm-hearted; singing and laboring in all proper methods for the salvation of souls. Mr. Harrison, an intelligent speaker, followed with a stirring appeal to the people to embrace the religion of Christ, and not be sectarian; that we were one in Christ Jesus, and

> "He must reign victorious,
> In Heaven and earth most glorious!"

Mr. H.'s labors were salutary among us. A solid old Methodist from Delaware county, Mr. Trace, offered up a prayer full of the unction of the Holy One. I was glad to meet this veteran. I first knew him at Stony Bank M. E. Church. He is now a member of Central M. E. Church, of this city, pressed down by the weight of years, but as a ripe shock of corn, fitted and prepared for the master's use.

Saturday September 15th 1883. The Workingmens' Meeting was deeply interesting. I was late getting in. Mr. McKnight, a U. S. letter carrier, zealous in the master's cause, had brought with him the Evangelist from Brooklyn, Mr. Shevier, who is one of Mr. Moody's spiritual children, and was brought on here to preach in Restine Hall, and in the street in the southern part of the city, I learn at a decent salary. For "how can they preach except they be sent?" This stirring young man made a most vigorous prayer, and I arranged with him to speak on Monday, the 17th of September, to the workingmen. Such men do good and "raise the fallen." I delivered, according to my pledge,

my twenty-fourth sermon in twenty-four working days. My theme was, "If thou hadst known in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

I. What are the things we ought to know? 1. We ought to know God. We ought to know how sinful we are; that none can save but Jesus.

II. There is a limited time when we should know the things that belong to our peace. We all have our day of grace; our day of probation. 1. Our youthful period. 2. The blessed Sabbath is a good time to study such important truths. 3. When God's holy spirit is poured out and there is a great awakening amongst the people. 4. When in affliction's furnace.

III. How sad when these things are hidden from our eyes. 1. This may be said when we are by our persuits in life or otherwise, removed far away from the means of grace. As workingmen we are thus liable when called to foreign lands to build railroads, or engage in some extensive building or mining operations. We never hear the sound of the church-going bell. 2. This may be said to be the case when we become sin-hardened. No sermon or religious service now ever causes us to shed tears. The time was when we could weep, but now these things are hidden from our eyes. 3. It may be said when death lays us low in the grave, there is no work, or device or wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest. 4. It certainly can be said these things are hidden from our eyes when it is said, "these shall go away into everlasting punishment or "dark-

ness. No light, not a cheering beam of hope, or spark of glimmering day.

On the evening of this day Rev. Mr. Denning, of the Baptist church, made a most happy effort, on "What must I do to be saved?" clear in doctrine, energetic in manner, and bent on being instrumental in the salvation of a blood-bought soul. This young man has a noble mind and heart, and all obstructions to the regular work of the ministry in his case ought to be removed. God has a great work for him to do. Rev. Mr. Hambleton was in the meeting; I called him forward; he certainly did "rightly divide the word of truth" on the same line of doctrine. This grand, but apparently rather delicate minister, preaching on the street or elsewhere, will strike a heavy blow against infidelity and formality in religion. I knew him in the days of his youth; I knew him when he worked manfully to build up a Methodist Episcopal interest on Haverford Road, West Philadelphia, which always appeared to me failed to receive that attention from "the higher powers" of our grand aggressive church that its merits demanded. The young evangelist who was to have addressed the workingmen, Monday, Sept. 17th, did not, for some cause, meet the engagement. We all deeply regretted it; no doubt he had a good reason. Rev. Mr. Hambleton also made an engagement to preach on Tuesday evening, September 18th, and was at his post, and so explained God's plan of saving men, that an interesting man, who went all through the late war, and whom God pro-

tected from the bullets of the enemy though he was in seventeen battles, was impressed. King Alcohol had conquered him and brought him down exceedingly low. He was led into the great Tent, hardly "clothed in his right mind," and then and there under the preaching of Bro. Hambleton he was gloriously saved. My readers will read the following letter with pleasure:

PHILADELPHIA, November 6th 1883.

REV. A. MANSHIP,

My Dear Sir: In thinking over the past of my life, there occurs one event, fraught with greater importance to me than any other within my remembrance, and one which gave me a new birth even into the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I refer to my first visit at the revival meetings, conducted by you in the Great Tent, corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets, last summer. It was during one of the evening services, that I found myself at the entrance listening to the words "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee." That sacred song brought fresh to my mind the early teachings of a Christian mother. And notwithstanding that, I was then a willing captive of intemperance, and led by Satan, I began to reflect and was fastened to the spot; then followed the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins," and I remembered that I had once "plunged beneath that flood," but I had broken my covenant, and was then at the very threshold of hell. I went into the Tent, and I hardly need tell you the result. The kind welcome that you gave me, and your earnest and powerful exhortation softened my hardened heart, and there and then was the turning point in my life.

And thus it is, my dear brother, that I am prompted to write this and thank you for your untiring and successful effort to save me from a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell. That God may always bless you in your labors of love will be my constant prayer.

Would to God that other Christian ministers would imitate your

example, and cut loose from their gilded churches of pomp and state, and go out into the "by-ways and hedges," crying as did John in the wilderness, "Repent ye, repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." As one that was once lost, but now found, I am a living witness of many souls whom you were instrumental in leading to the Cross of Christ, and to-day the great workshops in the vicinity of Broad and Spring Garden streets resound with songs of praise learned in the Great Tent.

May He who spake as never man spake, continue to speak through you, the precious message of salvation, and may you live yet these many years in the Master's service, and finally on the white hills of peace unite with the redeemed in an endless song of Glory to the Lamb, is the prayer of

Yours in the love of Jesus Christ,
GEORGE W. TURNER.

The Sabbath services, September 16th, were solemn and deeply interesting. Rev. S. H. C. Smith, pastor of Salem M. E. Church, Phila., preached, though it was exceedingly warm, an earnest and thrilling sermon on "the great supper or feast." No sermon delivered in the Tent was more appropriate. He told the people so energetically there was room for them, in God's mercy, in the atoning merits of Christ, in the church, and, the best of all, room in Heaven. Though many millions had accepted the invitation, there still was room for all the race, and

"None need be left behind,
For God had bidden all mankind."

The evening sermon was delivered by Rev. J. M. Golday, on "In my Father's house are many mansions." The sermon showed that he heeded the Apostolic direction, "Study to show thyself ap-

proved." He was most cordially approved by the large congregation, who, spell bound, listened to the delivery of the discourse with unabated attention to its conclusion. This brother has taken many degrees in the Ancient Order of Free Masonry, for which I do not blame him; but he did, on that occasion, "purchase for himself a good degree," and I hope the church will say to this valuable man of God, "come up higher." There are many bright jewels amongst our local ministers—yes, diamonds of the purest water—who are fully able to fill any of our pulpits with acceptability. "Try them, prove them, see what manner of spirit they are of." For some days we have been interrupted by the storm; but the Workingmens' Meeting never stopped, though the equinoctial storm raged; they were at their post every day.

Friday, September 21st 1883, was an interesting day, in all the three services. The Workingmens' Meeting was large. I took as my theme, "Oh that I knew where I might find him," &c. I told them where they could find their God, and one of the places was in his blessed word. I said to the men, I do not wish to press God's word upon you, but each one of you who will promise to duly respect the New Testament, and read it carefully, and keep it as a remembrancer of these earnest efforts to "lead you to Christ," come forward and receive a copy from me. Sixty-five workingmen did so in the most solemn and grateful manner. Thanks to the Bible Society for many favors shown to me. After this interesting event I asked Rev. Mr. Tor-

rence to come out to the great Tent and preach for us; he did so acceptably to everybody. This grand apostolic preacher has grown grey in spreading, in the shape of the Bible, "Scriptural holiness all over these lands," especially the State of Pennsylvania. As an evidence of his talent, business ability and great integrity, he has been Secretary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society for more than a quarter of a century, and at Chester Heights Camp Meeting, in July last, I heard him deliver the best Bible address I ever heard. He is master of the situation. He was associated with Rev. Dr. Hunt, one of the secretaries of the Parent Bible Society, and, it is said, likely to be a Bishop in the M. E. Church; be it so, if it be God's will. Nevertheless, Rev. Irvin Torrence was his equal on that occasion. If the people that day had had the power to elect, Mr. Torrence would have stood as good a chance as his illustrious cotemporary.

A few words more about that Friday meeting at 3 P. M.,—it was small; I tried to address them on great results from small things. Two men and a most respectable lady sought the Lord; and in the night service, conducted by the Rev. John F. Meredith, we had a glorious meeting. His theme was Christ came "to seek and save that which was lost." A man whose hair was sprinkled with grey knelt at our humble altar; amongst other things we gathered from him was the following: He was lost by his love for liquor; and also that he hoped to be found, for he had an aged mother still alive and praying for him. She had been a Christian for

sixty years. This was an intelligent man; a good mechanic, but lost! lost!! lost!!! unless saved and found by the grace of God. Oh! that yet that venerable mother may live to be able to say, "This, my son, was lost, but is found; was dead, but is alive again!" No minister, in this line of rescuing the perishing, did better service than Rev. Jacob Hinson, in his stirring sermon.

## CHAPTER V.

Rev. John F. Meredith—Change our Bulletin—Christian Union—Keep the Churches open—Rev. Mr. Anderson—"I will cut the ropes"—Mr. Geo. Burnham shows his respect—Mrs. Young's courage in the Workingmens' Meeting—Presentation of Preamble and Resolutions—My last Sermon to the Men—I invite them to Sanctuary—They give me their card in return for mine—Rev. Mr. Harrison takes Rev. Dr. Vernon's place—Rev. John A. Roche, D.D. —"Certainly! Certainly! Certainly!"—"Are the Consolations of God small with thee?"—Rev. Dr. Roche my first guest—A two Months' Review—Grand Ministers—Rev. James Morrow, D.D., Rev. Dr. Curtis F. Turner, Rev. Adam Wallace, D.D.,—Reach the Masses—The Race for Glory and Fighting for a Crown—The Closing Services—Rev. Dr. Roche at Mr. Rose's Funeral—Tent stored for another Campaign—The Narrow Way—A Soul saved in the Plank Tent—The German Parade utilized for Tent Work—All People indebted to the Church—The Sale of Lumber by Faith and Works—Led by the Lord—The Dedication of John Wesley Church, Salem Co., N. J.—A Tent Pitched—The Webb Family and Rev. Mr. Still—A Straight up and down Shout.

THE Sabbath, September 23d was dreary to some extent, but faithful to his promise Rev. John F. Meredith was at his post, and never did I hear in

forty years' experience in the ministry such a sermon on the prodigal son. I preached it once myself to 5000 people at a great camp meeting on a Sunday. He bore heavily on sensual pleasures, and gratifying animal passions and appetites. I said in my heart thank God for a bold, fearless minister. On such themes the pulpit is too much hampered. He said, "they have (many people) joined themselves to a citizen of that country," and the work they do is demoralizing and degrading to humanity. While I listened to this truly earnest and eloquent friend, I said, "Is Saul amongst the prophets?" Is that able minister, that fearless servant of God, the young carpenter that I used to know learning his trade with Samuel Draper, Esq., of Milford, Delaware? I was drawn more towards him because he was from my native (Caroline) county, Md.; because he jeopardized his life in the service of his country, and because on the (to me) memorable Conference Committee of 1879, at Germantown, he was as true to me as the needle to the pole. The Committee on Conference Relations had a short life. Did it even *run well* for a season? "Who did hinder you?"

What an honor to Caroline co. to have not only Rev. John F. Meredith, but Rev. James E. Meredith, his elder brother, a faithful and useful minister of the glorious Gospel, now gone to his reward. Is it not strange that Rev. B. F. Price, of Wilmington Conference, in his letters on "*Our Goshen*," when he came to Caroline county, could not feel free to mention, to the best of my recollection, any minister

there raised up, except the great Rev. Mr. Martindale, to whom the present Presiding Elder Martindale is related, and left all the rest of us out; we too would like to be numbered with our Israel. Is it possible that my friend, Rev. B. F. Price, who is so intelligent and so amiable, did not know that county was the birthplace of Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, Rev. Solomon Sharp, Rev. Wm. Cooper, D.D., Rev. James Nichols, the talented, though unfortunate great orator, in his palmy days a burning and shining light? Rev. Bromwell Andrew and the zealous Robert Ray, that shine now in glory? Why did Rev. B. F. Price leave out Rev. Bishop Wayman? Did he do it on the color line? That is too late in the day. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." None, we think, deserves to shine more in this world, than the spirited, original and glorious man of God, Rev. John F. Meredith, who preached in the great Tent Broad and Spring Garden streets, on the afternoon of 23d September, the greatest sermon perhaps, of his life. Such a minister is a savor of life unto life, and would be a blessing to any church in the Philadelphia, or any other conference, however elevated its tone.

We are now entering upon our last week, and we changed our bulletin, and hung out boldly that we hold camp meeting services; and as the first camp meeting was held on the banks of the Red River in Tennessee, and conducted by Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists, so we, on our bulletin, asked those sister denominations to take a prominent part. This they did do, and on Sunday night of the 23d,

the meeting was large, and Christian union was the idea all the time; "the middle wall of partition was broken down." Mr. Wismer, of Grace M. E. Church, who is devoted to Christian union, made a thrilling address, and illustrated his happy theme by a large cross, which he brought with him. I do not object to the cross, it carries us right up to Calvary, and we say, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"The cross of Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there."

Rev. Mr. Denning, of the Baptist Church, delivered an address on the same line, full of unction, and we all felt like uniting in the grand old song (and we did), with the tune of "Coronation":—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

Mr. Clough, of the Presbyterian Church, spoke very spiritedly on the importance of churches being opened in the summer time. He said, "Some time in August I met a Christian brother; he had gone to three different churches and found them all closed on Sabbath evening, and he said, this is too bad." I said to him, "Come with me, I will take you to a place of worship always open, day and night, Sundays and week days! I brought

him with me; he was delighted. Ought not we to be at our post at all seasons of the year as good soldiers of Christ?" Mr. Clough's remarks were full of power and brotherly kindness. When he parted with me he said, "Brother Manship, Rev. Mr. Anderson, of the Presbyterian Church, a colored brother, will preach for you any night you wish him. I fixed the night; he was at his post, and most uncommonly and originally preached from, "And who is on the Lord's side?" He was so unassuming, so modest, but so intelligent and earnest, and as he passed out of the Tent he handed me a half dollar saying, "that will help a little towards paying your expenses." How much better ministers can stir up others to be liberal if they give themselves. I have been considered too free; I have known some just the reverse. It has been said I was a good hand to superientend the taking up of a collection. I think the best quality of success with me in taking up a collection has been I have always been free to give myself, as far as I could, but it will come back in some way. God's word is pledged.

It has been urged, as an objection to camp meetings, that there is always too much disorder. In our camp services we were very seriously annoyed one day by an intoxicated man, in the employ of Mr. McNichol, the lessee of the lot. He seemed wonderfully concerned for Mr. McNichol's property, and said to us, "If you fellows do not produce the large sledge-hammers that were used of ours by the showmen, I will cut the ropes of the Tent and let

it down on the whole of you!" Our afternoon service was about beginning. I expostulated with him. If the showmen had mislaid their hammers we were not responsible, and we must not be disturbed in this free country in our religious worship. He cursed the country and the religion, and swore he would cut the ropes! At this juncture, Dr. Webster, who had been with the show, and was our janitor or superintendent, and under a respectable salary, came to the rescue, and felt inclined not only to vindicate the show people but also to protect us. He said "Get out of here as quick as possible." "No," said he, "I will stay till the hammers are produced, and if not produced I will cut the ropes." Whereupon Dr. Webster took him by the back of the neck and marched him out. He appeared quickly thereafter on the back ground and hurled a large stone with great violence into the Tent at Dr. Webster, so the excitement and fear and trembling was considerable, and we failed, I fear, to do much good at that afternoon service. This rashness was not repeated. This was not by the authority of our friend Mr. McNichol. The Apostle says, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus;" so to some extent we had to fight with wicked men in our great meeting; but we tried all we could to overcome evil with good, and no one was arrested during the meeting, which was held so long, and on such a public thoroughfare of our city, except on this gospel basis

> "Arrest the prisoner of my love,
> And shut me up in God."

On the 29th of September, at noon, or between twelve and one o'clock, I held my last meeting for the workingmen. This was my thirty-sixth day in six weeks, preaching every week day in six weeks. We fearlessly and truthfully hung out our sign for a Workingmens' Meeting. I was particularly attracted and pleased by the kind notices of the religious papers, except that there seemed to be a tendency to avoid speaking specifically of "the Workingmens' Meeting!" One called it a noon-day prayer meeting. We had very little praying except the Lord's prayer every day, and a few words of extempore prayer by myself or some good Christian man or woman that happened to drop in. We occasionally read a chapter or had a recitation from a child or lady, and gave the workingmen a tract, or paper, and as we said in a previous reference, they gladly received the New Testament, and preached about fifteen minutes daily for the thirty-six days. If we suppose we are going to lose caste by holding or publishing in our grand Methodist papers, Workingmens' Meetings, we are greatly mistaken. Workingmen are not ashamed of their God instituted calling. They are the bone and sinew of this broad land. The experiment was a grand success. Let me say to all my fellow laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, with great modesty however, "Go thou and do likewise!" Don't be afraid of lowering your dignity, or giving offence to the workingmen. Mr. George Burnham, of Baldwin Locomotive Works, on his individual responsibility, in recognition of the good he believed to be

done to this important class of men, after kindly conversing with me in his office on the subject of godliness and true religion, wrote me a check for twenty-five dollars, towards our Tent work; this was a tangible proof of his interest in the welfare of the men. We tried to be "as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove," hence we took no collection, amongst the workingmen, our hope was to come up to the spirit of the passage, "He that winneth souls is wise!" though everybody in my range of acquaintance knows that I am orthodox on collections.

I must mention to the praise of a good woman worker, who spoke one day a few kind words, and who had more courage than I possessed; she said: "How many of you desire our prayers, and desire salvation? If there be any, please rise." I was much pleased to see an interesting workingman arise and stand up for Jesus, and ask us to pray for him.

The following paper, which was unanimously adopted by them, speaks for itself. It was written and presented by one of the constant attendants, who was one of the trophies of this gospel expedition in the great Tent.

Whereas, the Rev. A. Manship, in charge of the religious services in the great Tent at Broad and Spring Garden streets, during August and September 1883, has, for thirty-six days in succession, clearly explained to us the passages of scripture that he has taken as texts. And whereas, he has, by the distribution of tracts and copies of the New Testa-

ment amongst us, and in every proper way shown an interest in our spiritual welfare. Therefore, be it

*Resolved:* That we have been greatly pleased and benefited by his faithful and earnest short sermons, and we believe that his labors have and will be made a blessing to us.

*Resolved:* That we shall ever cherish for the Rev. Mr. Manship the most kindly feeling, and hope at suitable times and places hereafter, to listen to his addresses, and profit thereby.

*Resolved:* That it is our conviction that as he has avoided sectarian views, and faithfully preached Christ, that his example is worthy of imitation.

*Resolved:* That should the Rev. Mr. Manship next Summer pitch his Tent within our reach, that it will be our greatest pleasure to attend similar evangelistic services.

*Resolved:* That should we meet no more in this way, that we hope to meet in Heaven, and "rest from our labors" in a better world.

*Resolved:* That the public are greatly indebted to him for his labors and sacrifices in this great Tent, and we indulge the hope that his life may be long spared to be useful to others, as he has been to us.

*Resolved:* That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be presented to him for publication.

True copy, A. R. SCOTT, Secretary.

Rev. A. Manship presented a resolution, which was adopted.

*Resolved:* That we, the workingmen, do sincerely thank our employers who have taken some interest

in these meetings, and that we unite with Mr. Manship and all his friends in giving thanks to Mr. McNichol for the free use of the ground, and to Mr. William H. Nagle, for the right of entrance by means of a wide door, at the N.W. corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets, which he allowed to be kept free from all advertisements being posted during our meetings of over two months. This wide space was to Mr. Nagle of considerable importance as the proprietor of the fence for advertising purposes. He charged us nothing, and to him and all others who showed us favors we give most cordial thanks, and sincerely hope they will not lose their reward.

My last discourse to the workingmen was based on, "I am now ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge will give unto me in that day, and not unto me only but to all them also that love his appearing." This was a long text, but I preached only fifteen minutes, sang "the sweet by and by," and gave every man my card, my residence and the location of Sanctuary M. E. Church, requesting them to come to the church when in their power. I also stated to them—they had my card—if at any hour of the night, in sickness or other distress, if they would let me know, I would come in the name

of the Lord and say, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God!"

The workingmen, at least many of them, handed me their names and residences, so that if I felt moved by the Holy Ghost to write to them or visit them, I knew the way and could walk therein. It strikes me that all thus engaged can well say, "I am doing a great work and cannot come down to you; why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you?" "Give him all kindness; I had rather have such men my friends than enemies."

The last Saturday night of the meeting, the 29th September, Rev. Dr. Vernon, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, was engaged to preach. I was glad, for I hoped the Tent meetings would do his church (Trinity) good, which was so contiguous; but I felt grieved to learn, by a note, the dear brother was not able to be out; it was rather a dreary night, and I felt he ought to be excused. But the Lord will provide. Rev. Mr. Harrison, of a sister denomination, who had *incog.* attended all my meetings, and helped nobly in supporting them in a financial way, did preach the word most acceptably. He was "instant in season," and he certainly did give every man his portion in due season. Such talents ought not to be hidden in a napkin. Such a light ought to be set on a hill where it could not be hid or put under a bushel.

I had written to and received from Rev. John A. Roche, D.D., the following letter:

125 Willoughby Avenue,
Brooklyn, Sept. 18th 1883.

Rev. A. Manship:

Dear Brother: Your favor is received. I was not able to answer your letter of invitation till I saw my people. I rejoice in the work of God you are doing. It seems like former times to hear from you.

Providence permitting, I will hope to be with you the last Sabbath you name, September 30th.

I pray that God may still be with you, and bless you in all your work.

Hoping soon to see you, as ever,
Yours in Christ,
J. A. Roche.

He had just arrived from Brooklyn, and was with me. He followed Mr. Harrison with an exhortation, and justly complimented the strong, plain Gospel views advanced by Mr. H.

Early Sabbath morning I visited our tried friend, Mr. McNichol, in Race street near Thirteenth, who had granted every favor we had asked at his hands. If Protestant Christians, if my own beloved Methodist Church, would show the same willingness to "do good to all men," it would contribute largely in bringing about the millennium. I found Mr. McNichol too sick to get out of bed to meet me. I was asked to go up into his room and see him. This I gladly did do. I asked him for a few other favors relating to the Tent. 1st. Can the Tent stand till it gets dry; we wish to put it away in good condition? "Certainly," he said. 2d. Can the lumber remain until we get a purchaser for it? He said, "Certainly." 3d. Can I, if I choose to

do so, occupy the board Tent for religious purposes for a short time? "Certainly, as long as you please." Then he said, with much emphasis, "I hope the Tent work will be much to your advantage. I want it to benefit you. I am interested in you." "It will not directly, Mr. McNichol, be any benefit to me, except the happiness it will give me to think I have contributed to the salvation of some precious souls that otherwise might not have been reached, and increase my sphere of usefulness in Philadelphia, where I expect to live, work and die. I hope to carry with me into Sanctuary M. E. Church, from the great Tent meetings that your kindness has enabled me to hold, a divine power and a multitude of people, who will be won to Christ, and from among them it will be said, 'this man and that man was born in her.' I am so anxious to build up that almost desolate and yet historic church. I must now hasten away to join Rev. Dr. Roche, in Sanctuary, as he is to preach there this morning; but Mr. McNichol, if you do not object, I will bow down and pray with you." No objection being made, I did find that to be the "Sweet hour of prayer," where we made all our wants and wishes known. We were called from a world of care, and on that bright Sunday morning in that sick room we realized that we were "quite on the verge of Heaven." As I took leave of him we mutually promised to meet in Heaven, and I said, "the Lord will strengthen him upon his bed of languishing; Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

Rev. Dr. Roche preached a telling sermon in Sanctuary that morning, from the passage Job, 15th chapter, 11th verse, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" How grandly did he preach. How full of enthusiasm and apostolic fire. As I listened, how my mind ran back forty-five years ago, when he was young, no less energetic now than then. I was fourteen or fifteen, he was a young giant "running a glorious race." He was building the first Ebenezer M. E. Church in the city of Reading. He came to "My Maryland" and his "Maryland." We were then "a general church extension" society, ready "to bear one another's burdens." He preached on the text "Because there is wrath beware lest He take thee away with his stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." I have no language to portray the effect of that grand but powerfully awful sermon. Afterwards he took up a collection for his church. I had but one dollar in the world. I gave it cheerfully. More would I have done if I could. Our acquaintance and friendship has never waned. Rev. John A. Roche was the first guest I entertained in my house after going to housekeeping in New Castle, Del. He came from Smyrna to help me with a protracted meeting. I have, for the forty years that I have been travelling the "wilderness through," often found in his hospitable family not simply "quails," but "the fat of the land;" and the greatest delicacy, if possible, was the warmth of the hospitality of himself, his wife and children. "The promise is unto us and to our children." Two of his sons

are clergymen, young men of deep piety, and bright intellectuality, and will fulfil, to the day of their death, the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." How delighted both myself and family were to have him as our guest once more. My plan was for him to preach once in Sanctuary, and do all we could for the church; nobly did the people respond, and raised $25 for church needs, and made a favorite minister a life member of Sanctuary M. E. Church. Many of his friends were there from churches he had served in this city.

In the afternoon we met in the great Tent to hold an anniversary or review the work, not for a year, which an anniversary indicates, but for the two months we had been engaged in a vigorous effort to pull down the strongholds of the devil. We were highly favored with popular, pious, energetic ministers, whose praise is in all the churches. Rev. Dr. Roche, Rev. James Morrow, D.D., Rev. Dr. Curtis F. Turner and Rev. Adam Wallace, D.D. We had no written report, but gave a running account of the Gospel work and results in the great Tent for two months and a little more, beginning July 28th, and continuing until the present period. Rev. Mr. Turner spoke briefly; and begged to be excused, to enable him to attend the funeral of a young lady fatally burned, which was to take place in Summerfield M. E. Church, one of his old charges. Rev. A. Wallace, D.D., editor of the *Ocean Grove Record*, spoke of his long and happy acquaintance

with the minister in charge of this great campaign. He said he heartily approved of these outdoor efforts, and trusted they would become more general in the great M. E. Church. Here, said he, we reach the masses, and gather into the fold non-church-going people. There is much Sabbath-breaking in Philadelphia; it is to be deplored. I have walked on Broad street from Allegheny Avenue to this distant point. I have seen much to make my heart ache. In this way let us rescue the perishing. Rev. Dr. Morrow spoke with dignity, but most heartily; he said, "I do approve of such efforts, there has been great good done in this way." The people showed their appreciation of this eloquent, tidy and scholarly minister, by, at our suggestion, making him a life member of this Great Tent Association. I think Rev. Dr. Morrow's example is worthy of imitation in going into the streets occasionally, at proper times and places, and, like Wesley and the fathers, preaching to the masses. How much good could we do, if our leading ministers would thus imitate their Lord and the great founder of Methodism, and not leave this fundamental work to irresponsible persons, not overly prudent and wise at all times. The great salvation is thus brought into disrepute. We must come to it, or "Ichabod will be written upon our walls. The glory hath departed from Israel," in reference to the common people who heard the Master and our fathers gladly. It filled "An angel's heart and a Saviour's hands." Why not occupy the minds and energies of our best men?

Rev. John A. Roche, D.D., was the last speaker. He said, "How well do I recollect thirty years ago, when I was stationed at one of the city churches. I could hear glorious tidings of the great Tent under the charge of Rev. A. Manship, Sixteenth and Coates streets. He was just beginning the great work of founding the Hedding Church, on the St. George's lot. That church has had a thrilling history, especially in the salvation of souls. When the weather became too frosty to be comfortable in the Tent his fruitful mind fixed on a Plank church to be used as a preaching place until the brick edifice could be finished. What a history that Plank church had! How many from its success sprang up in all parts of the country. I honor that man for his zeal, courage and faith, that can thus go forward whether the world smiles or frowns, and as Bishop Scott says of him, 'Do and dare for Jesus,' where good is to be done, and shouting in his Christ-like work 'Enlarge the place of thy Tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes!' Here is a glorious repetition of his life long, energetic, successful work, that cannot and will not be forgotten."

At night the rain poured down. Professor Foster and lady charmed the people with sweet musical strains that caused them to almost forget that they were being drenched with rain, for the Tent was more holy than righteous. The people hoisted their umbrellas and maintained their ground, and Rev. Dr. Roche was called for and delivered a

thrillingly happy address, and we made him a life member of the Tent Association, which did not displease this faithful worker, ready to enter into every open door. He said he felt greatly complimented and elevated to be called by Brother Manship, or any other brother, to work for Jesus. All were so anxious to hear Rev. Dr. Roche, that he was requested to stay a little longer than was expected and preach on Monday night. He kindly consented, but we were non plussed by a mammoth parade, as a reception was given to the successful Athletic Base Ball Club of Philadelphia, who had been victorious in various places and won great honor every where. This is quite a mania with the people. It is visible from head to foot. To me it seemed ridiculous to give an ovation on such a grand scale to an organization that does not promote intelligence, or any special good in any way, but is evidently promotive of neglecting business and injuring thousands very seriously. I love to see soldiers when they come home victors from the field of battle, welcomed and honored.

I greatly enjoyed the Bi-Centennial celebration in Philadelphia a year ago. How much good did William Penn do to the state of Pennsylvania, to the country and to the world! With this line I am in full sympathy. As Rev. Dr. Roche and myself wended our way home through the vast crowds that blockaded Broad street, I reasoned to myself in this way—is not the community carried away by a fleeting show and insignificant unworthy circumstances, and may we not soon reach the state

of demoralization when we will honor and give a great reception and ovation to the eminent prize fighter? I presume I startled some people some time ago by advertising in the *Public Ledger*, on a Saturday, that I would preach at Sanctuary Sunday morning on "The Athletic's win!" My idea was to win for glory. And at night on "The prize fighter." And at night my theme was fighting for a glittering crown. God did help me. I ought to say, notwithstanding the great parade, we had a glorious final farewell meeting in the great Tent, that is daguerreotyped on many hearts, and to see it for the last time, and to enjoy the last service was the greatest attraction, and though the tide of people ebbed and flowed all the time, Rev. Daniel L. Patterson, of the Philadelphia Conference, as well as Rev. Dr. Roche, delivered appropriate and telling addresses, and we all felt like saying—

> "How loath we are to leave the place,
> Where Jesus shows his smiling face."

At the hour of 10 o'clock we spoke a few parting words and sang "The sweet by and by," and gave to each other the parting hand, and the Great Gospel Tent series of religious services, for 1883, were ended, never, however, to end in their influence in time or eternity.

The eventful day came for the last $100 note in the Commercial National Bank to be paid on the great Tent. How soon the sixty days rolled round. We had expected certain prominent parties to come to the rescue in time—in this we were disappointed;

but we had a friend in reserve to look to, who had said to us, "Call on me if you need help." He is not a Methodist, but he is a Christian friend and in hearty sympathy with aggressive movements to "rescue the perishing." It really seemed to be a pleasure to him to furnish the material aid, and wait till we could collect the amount and return the same. "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" For his kind words and confidence my poor heart overflowed with gratitude, my eyes melted to tears. The note was paid.

My dear friend, Dr. Roche, knew I had to meet the note—he was solicitous. On that day he attended the funeral of good brother, William Rose, of Asbury M. E. Church. He dined at my house, waited for me as long as he safely could, and wended his way to the funeral. I followed on; one of the first things he said to me was, "Brother M., were you able to pay the note?" I said "Yes, glory be to God!" Dr. Roche is eminently popular in this city. How delighted the excellent Rose family was to have their former pastor to speak over his old friend. It made me feel happy to think I had been the means of placing Brother Roche within their reach. He came to serve interests in my hands, and also most tenderly served that excellent family. I was never pastor at Asbury, but have been in the habit of preaching there, and shared her benefactions for many years in various capacities, and always felt at home and welcome, and always ranked the Rose family amongst my dearest friends, and felt highly honored to be asked to pro-

nounce the benediction at the close of the funeral services by good Brother Lindermuth, the pastor, on the 2d of October 1883.

The Great Tent was, as soon as perfectly dry, taken down and stored away in the house of our faithful friend, Mr. Geo. W. Campbell, to come forth again when the vernal sun shall make the flowers bloom, and the time for the singing birds shall come. We shall hope then, and later on in the season, when teeming thousands shall flock to the seashore, and escape to the mountains, to fling our banner to the breeze, and sing under our spacious canvas:

> "The happy gates of gospel grace
> Stand open night and day!"

And inscribe on our bulletin, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them," and so those that cannot afford to go to Ocean Grove and similar sanitary resorts may come to a deep, wide ocean,

> "For its streams the whole creation reach,
> So plenteous is its store!"

and bathe their weary souls, and plunge in and wash, and be clean. "Without money come to Jesus Christ and buy."

An accomplished minister said to me, speaking of the Tent, "That large tent would be admirable for Ocean Grove." I replied, we want it for that class of people whose exchequer is too weak to enable them to go to Ocean Grove. Our gospel motto is

"The poor have the gospel preached to them!" We would all like to go if we could, if the money would allow. How glorious it is that salvation is nigh unto us even at the door!! I love the deep blue sea, and feel like saying, nevertheless,

> "And ever more the waters worship God;
> And bards and prophets time their mystic lyres,
> While listening to the music of the waves!"

The last meeting held on the Devil's ground, (where God's ministers and people ought to go whenever an effectual door is open), was held after the great Tent disappeared, in the plank offices in connection with the Indian show. In these offices I held several children's meetings, as some objected to my holding such meetings on the great platform, or in front of the stand. When we took down the two partitions, the room was fifty feet long, rather narrow, reminding us of the passage "Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." Here on Sabbath, the 7th of October, we held our last religious service. It brought to my mind thirty years ago, in the same neighborhood my Plank church 104 feet long and 40 feet wide. That which is most of all to be prized, I found "the very same power" came down, and though the meeting was not crowded, to such as did attend I preached on "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in unto him and sup with him and he with me." While I was discoursing on the point "God knocks by His providences," I saw a lady weeping freely. I asked her

if she had lost a friend, and who? She said, "My mother!" I asked her if she would be willing then and there to kneel down and seek the Saviour, and try to prepare to meet that loved one in glory? She readily complied, and she is the seventeenth one blessed—all adult persons. Forty-seven arose for prayers and by the literature scattered among young and old of all classes, "it doth not yet appear" what the spiritual results will be. Does not this show, that while many say the church is the place where men and women ought to worship, and there is no necessity for this kind of work, "that the hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him," anywhere. It has been my practice through my ministerial life, and shall be at all proper times, to hold up my hand for the glorious passage on our title page, "To your Tents O Israel!" and "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in!"

The 8th of October was a beautiful sunny day, and the great German parade did us good, as the other parade at night, referred to, did us harm—so we have our lights and shadows. We all have our day. Captain Auble, one of our excellent committee, proposed that we aid our Tent Association in paying its expenses by selling tickets at twenty-five cents each for a seat such as we could furnish. The pavilion would accommodate fifty, so this at last wheeled into use at the end. And we employed carpenters on the spur of the moment to construct

out of the lumber as many seats as we conveniently could. So we started business, put seats on the top of the offices, and "went before and prepared the way." Very earnestly did Dr. Webster work it up, and with the help of some of his former friends in connection with the great show, superintended by the committee, made it a great success. About $25, after paying the carpenters, &c., was realized, clear profit.

The day was exciting, the effort to sell tickets was earnest, and our good superintendent, Dr. Webster, became rather lively, and a little more spiritual than we thought discreet; but still the matter was successfully carried through by him. I told the doctor he reminded me of the great Daniel Webster of national fame. It is said he always, on the eve of delivering a great speech at the bar or in the U. S. Senate, braced himself up for the work by several quaffs of exciting liquids. "To err is human, to forgive is divine."

The preceding Sabbath evening the doctor took tea with me, and accompanied me to Sanctuary M. E. Church and heard me preach on "Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." I suppose he thought the next day, as I am not a praying man, I will work instead of pray for Mr. Manship, and assist in raising the resources necessary. Thus my friend, Dr. Webster, was with me in this cause—"Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end"—for he is the man who furnished the $40 on the 31st of July which enabled us to pay down $100, and by that cash pay-

ment (the rest secured by notes which we paid on maturity), we secured the "Great Wigwam or Australian Circus," which we metamorphosed, by the help of the Holy Spirit, into a Gospel Tent, and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, for the conviction, conversion and sanctification of immortal souls. The church is more indebted, frequently, to irreligious persons for her success than to her own members. Nehemiah, when building the walls of Jerusalem, found great help and co-operation from "strangers in Jerusalem." I must say if I had not had the co-operation of non-professors I could not have succeeded. But all people are under obligations to the ministry and Church of Christ. For illustration: during my great Tent meetings I attended and officiated at seventeen funerals; not one that I am aware of was a member of any church, except one lady, and she was a Roman Catholic. "We are servants of all."

The sale of the lumber was effected on the 12th of October, and after using the newspapers by which to advertise, and on business principles exhausted our energies and failed, I then said, "take it to the Lord in prayer," is a good direction in worldly matters as well as religious affairs. Now, let me particularize as to how this was religiously done. A man in deep distress, I met in the great tent, came to me on the morning of the 10th of October. I had devoted the morning of the 9th to his case ineffectually. He came on the morning of the 10th, hoping to receive, directed to my care, a letter containing a remittance by which he would be re-

lieved. It did not come; I was writing to another in his behalf, a new man; just as I was finishing, the bell rang; it was another party who had read the night before my letter commending the distressed man. The gentleman, Mr. L., said: "Mr. Manship do you commend the party? Do you know him? I know you, sir, and if you commend him, I will relieve him." I answered favorably. The gentleman handed me ten dollars for him. I had, in his great distress, just before Mr. L. came in, given him one dollar. Strange to tell, he just needed eleven dollars. Just at that juncture, a distressed, weeping man came in to ask me to speak at his wife's funeral that day between 10 and 11. I said, "I am pressed beyond measure; the sale of our lumber at the tent is pressing on me, and there is a man here I am trying to relieve, but I'll trust in God, and as I know, from sad experience, what it is to lose a companion, I'll go, sir." We did the best we could in the services, *walking to the house, no carriage came*, then going to the cemetery with a carriage full of persons. "But none of these things moved me." I write this hoping to benefit some brother minister. On returning from Mechanics' Cemetery, I suddenly felt a power come upon me, of as I supposed, a Divine character, to stop opposite to the house of one of God's noblemen, and his lady, if possible, eclipsing him, especially in "going about doing good." Yes, if Jesus were to come to-day he would say of Mrs. B. "she hath done what she could." As I was alighting from the carriage to go into this mansion, the husband said, "Mr. Manship,

what do I owe you for your faithful, kind services?" I said nothing at all, come and hear me preach the gospel at Sanctuary M. E. Church, Fifth below Girard Avenue. As he lovingly grasped me by the hand he left in it four dollars as a present. I said to myself, this is the fulfilment of the passage "Give and it shall be given to you again good measure pressed down, shaken together, and running over." But "there is more and more to follow." Mrs. B. was glad to hear from my lips any thing relating to home evangelization, a work she loved, a work in which she was incessantly engaged. She, unasked, handed me a donation towards delivering us "out of all our troubles" in connection with our great Tent. Now see "how the steps of a good man (God knows I want to be good) are ordered of the Lord." I was that day deeply troubled in regard to the lumber. One builder said, after looking at it, "to me it would not be worth more than about fifteen dollars." Said this elect missionary lady of intelligence and piety. "How would the lumber suit for a mission church in a rural district of this city? My husband thinks something of building a chapel for us." I said to myself, certainly I had been Divinely led. The matter was considered; the husband was soon seen; he saw it that evening by moonlight's pale beams, and with the stars of Heaven flashing on him like angels' eyes looking down from the skies, and perhaps helped on by the prayers of a Christian and "prudent wife, which is from the Lord," he was inspired to say, "If my carpenter, after he examines

this lot of lumber, gives a favorable opinion, though it may not be such lumber as I want to place in a chapel that I may erect for my wife in her efforts to elevate the poor, I will, nevertheless, for the respect I have for Rev. Mr. Manship, who is a hard worker in the Master's cause, purchase the lumber; it will do for enlargement to our factory and business purposes connected with our manufacturing arrangements in the lower part of the city." This most desirable work was consummated and my princely friend gave us sixty dollars in cash, on the 12th of October, only two days after. From a divine impulse we approached his excellent lady. God bless the Christian women of the church! "They were the last at the cross and the first at the sepulchre!"

The dedication of John Wesley M. E. Church, in Salem county, N. J., came off on the 14th of October. I had been long engaged to attend this dedication. Eleven years ago I attended the dedication of the white people's church in Lower Penn's Neck, near the location of John Wesley. The white people had urged our colored brethren to get me. I gave many reasons why I wanted to be excused. 1st. I told the minister, Rev. Mr. Still, I was worked down by the extra toils in the great Tent. 2d. I told him I had been so much away from Sanctuary M. E. Church that I was supplying, I might be told I could stay away altogether, if immediately after closing the Tent meetings I started off on a dedication expedition. 3d. I told him the National Association of Local Preachers met in Philadelphia at that very

time; I should have then to preach in our pulpit, and for that and other reasons please excuse me, so that I could be home that day. He not only came himself and found me in bed, but he brought his wife with him, and with me it is hard to say no to a persuasive lady. After they reached home he wrote the following earnest letter:—

SALEM, October 10th 1883.

REV. A. MANSHIP:

DEAR BROTHER: Your card is at hand, I trust you will be better, so you can come without fail. I will reward you. Don't fail for the Lord's sake. May the Lord help you to come and give you power to preach. I am hoping to hear that you are better.

Yours truly,

R. J. STILL.

Also, the white gentleman with whom I put up eleven years ago when I preached at the reopening of Lower Penn's Neck M. E. Church, then in charge of Rev. Mr. Chattin, when the people gave more than $1000, wrote me this letter, which had influence with me:—

SALEM, October 12th 1883.

REV. A. MANSHIP:

DEAR BROTHER: Yours received. You are always welcome at our house. If you think your duties and health will permit, come! I think you will do them good. They are expecting you, and will be disappointed if you do not come.

Yours,

W. H. GILMORE.

I said I am "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses." "I will go in the strength of the Lord God."

When I arrived in Salem, Saturday night, October 13th, the rain was pouring down. Three colored ministers called on me, the pastor of John Wesley, Rev. Mr. Still; Rev. Mr. Webb, pastor in Salem, and the Ex-presiding Elder, Rev. Mr. Webb, now of Dover, Delaware. They all seemed to be afraid to-morrow, the dedication day, would be rainy. I said to them, "Take it to the Lord in prayer. Have faith." I explained to them the passage, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." I told them I had the evidence in my soul that we should have brilliant success. The morning came, rain was descending, a messenger came round to let me know the carriage would not be after me till afternoon. It was then near 10 o'clock. I told him they were making a great mistake; they ought to go forward and have faith in God. I had come at a sacrifice, and I wanted to do the work for which I had visited them. My plea was prevailing, we were all soon off for the dedication. Grand arrangements had been made; a Tent had been pitched near the new beautiful church. The white friends had bestowed upon the colored friends a large quantity of provisions for the occasion. All that partook were to pay a small amount towards the church. The Tent was near the house of one of the colored friends, and every facility was at hand for preparing the dinner. But the rain had kept the masses of the people away. About 12½ we began the first service. Rev. Ex-presiding Elder Webb led; he offered prayer and delivered an ap-

propriate address, and proposed that we adjourn till a later period in the afternoon. I took occasion to say, "We have come to do a work for the Head of the Church, and though our number is small let us raise $5 to make Rev. Mr. Webb a life member of John Wesley M. E. Church, as he has always been interested in her success." This was cheerfully and quickly done. The doxology sung and benediction pronounced. Thus a beginning was made. The effect was electrical.

Now the sun begins to shine; we hastily take dinner. I want my readers to excuse me for inserting a jocular paragraph. I heard one of the ministers say in a low tone, "I want to get a seat close to the chicken pot-pie." It is likely we all felt so, if we did not say it. My readers have no doubt heard the anecdote about the chickens all running for dear life whenever the preacher drives up to the farm house. I must say, that though I have perambulated and itinerated a good deal in New Jersey, and met with that grand dish at camp meetings, corner-stone layings and dedications, I never in my ramblings partook of a better gotten-up dinner. Perhaps some fastidious one will be shocked at the idea of my feeling at home dining with those colored people. I am a Southern man; was brought up with them; nursed and fed by them when a child; was used to their cooking all my young life. None can surpass them in that line. "Train up a child in the way in which he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." This will apply in more ways than one.

The afternoon service was commenced very earnestly by Rev. Mr. Still, in the way of a prayer meeting. His name is Still, but he never stands still, and will not till the Master appears. He is a splendid singer and worker. His wife is a helpmate to him. A 3 P. M., Rev. Mr. Webb, a cousin to the Ex-presiding Elder and pastor of Salem Colored M. E. Church, led in prayer, and sung beautifully

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

His father was an excellent minister in the Delaware M. E. Conference. His grandfather was a wealthy and highly respectable man in my native county (Caroline, Md.), and my readers will smile, and be amazed when I say he was a slaveholder!! But, "praise God," that is one of the things that are past. There are no more slaves or slaveholders. And now the grand Declaration of American Independence is consistent when it says, "Liberty is the birthright of every man!" "Our God is marching on! glory, hallelujah!"

By the time we were ready to preach the house was full, and other planks were put into the platform. The aisle was filled with plank seats. I tried to preach on "For the joy of the Lord is your strength," Nehemiah, 8th chapter, and 11th verse. My theme was 1st, to show the superiority of the joy of the Lord to the joy of the world. I noticed as I was about to pass to the second proposition, viz, "Wherein is the joy of the Lord our strength?" that it was a great thing to be filled with

the joy of the Lord, to feel the gospel to be the power of God unto salvation. And when I was talking about a feeling, joyful religion, I found the audience was much aroused and I was moved to sing one of my early songs, the chorus of which is:

"I feel something like glory in my soul,
I feel something like glory in my soul,
I feel like, I feel like, I feel like
Shouting home!"

This was the conclusion of the whole matter, so far as the afternoon preaching was concerned. Such a straight up and down shout I have not heard or seen for a long time. They all partook of the glorious bliss. White and colored fully entered into the spirit of the meeting. After a short season of grand old-fashioned shouting the collection was looked after. When the soul is on fire how loose the purse strings are. The giving exceeded the expectations of the pastor and his people. The white gentlemen who were present nobly did their duty—none more so than William Newell, Esq., the son of a noble sire. I remember his noble father at Pennsgrove camp meeting and other places, and felt glad to see the mantle of the ascended father had fallen on the son. Mr. Pedrick and his excellent lady enjoyed the meeting and gave liberally and cheerfully. How we enjoyed the supper in the Tent. The young friends sang beautiful pieces in the Tent, especially keep your lamps trimmed and burning

"When the bridegroom comes."

And before evening preaching I held in the church a small meeting for colored boys. I hope good was done. The boys were quite intelligent and answered nearly all the questions I asked them. The superintendent was with me, and opened and closed the youthful meeting with dignity and self possession. At night we had a full house, and at the proper time I was requested to finish my sermon, which I did to the best of my ability on the following theme or themes:

1. The joy of the Lord was our strength in all our trials and afflictions.

2. The joy of the Lord was our strength in attacking the strongholds of the devil. If we have joy we can storm the devil's castle.

3. The joy of the Lord was our strength in great persecution. Look at Daniel in the den of lions. Look at the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. Look at Paul and Silas in prison.

4. The joy of the Lord is our strength in death.

I closed the sermon by relating an incident which occurred in Virginia, where a slave-holding gentleman threatened to whip me, and said to me, "You ought to be tarred and feathered and rode on a rail." He, however, was overcome by love; I was then the Tract agent of the Philadelphia Conference; had preached the night before to an immense audience both of white and colored. He was impressed that I wanted to circulate incendiary publications amongst the slaves. He sent for me Monday morning; I prayed with him; he remained on his knees; the colored people, his slaves, came in and shouted all

over the room "Old Master's down!" while we sang,

"We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home."

He gave me $5 towards the tract cause, begged pardon for insulting me; promised to try to meet me in Heaven. "The joy of the Lord was my strength" in this case. At the close of the sermon in John Wesley the best kind of feeling pervaded the audience. The pastor and trustees thought if they could get $100 they could get along for the present. But when they counted up they had $156. All were ready to "thank God and take courage."

For over thirty years I have been attending dedications and corner-stone layings, and taking an active part. I have been associated with some of the greatest men of the church, such as Rev. Dr. Durbin, Rev. Dr. Slicer, Rev. Dr. Morgan, Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Rev. Dr. Monroe, Rev. Bishop Waugh, Bishop Janes, and Rev. Bishop Scott (last not the least), and really I do not believe I ever enjoyed one more than the dedication of the little humble John Wesley M. E. Church, which has just taken place in Lower Penn's Neck, Salem county, New Jersey. "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some:" 1. Cor., 9th chapter, 22d verse.

"Lowliness is the base of every virtue. And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest. My God keeps all his pity for the proud."

## CHAPTER VI.

"Streams in the Desert"—"Owe no man anything"—How is this to be avoided in some cases?—Work manfully, "Deliverance will come"—Kind Letters which show the Tide is turning—Bishop Peck—Light thrown on the subject—Help on the Indians—Get out of the old ruts—"His usefulness ended in this city"—"Work while the day lasts"—Dying words valuable—"Bury him if he were dead"—Burying City Officials—If you are a Minister, that's enough.—"Why run after that crazy Fanatic?"—"Don't weary in well doing"—"With joy we greet you"—"Victory, victory."—"Cast thy bread on the waters"—S. P. Godwin, Esq.—Mr. B——'s Letter of Gratitude—Streams of Salvation into Sanctuary M. E. Church—Promising young men—"Joy cometh in the morning"—The Revival seen by Faith in Sanctuary—How are we to lengthen the cords?—Grand and sad results in thirty years—St. George's on the top wave—The children promising to the church—The sensible choir—Short step from activity to helplessness—The Conference worker's report—The sermon on the river—The letters responded to beautifully—Rev. Bishop Simpson—"Defence of the Fathers"—May the last days be the best—Kind words in behalf of Local Preachers—The tide rolls on—Respect to the memory of Earle St. Clair—A little child shall lead them—Rev. Thos. Hanlon, D.D.—Valedictory—"Coming by and by."

### "OWE NO MAN ANYTHING BUT LOVE."

NO doubt much will be said *as to the ownership of the tent.* And we would say we have kept an account of the amounts given, *and by whom given.* We have an account of the expenses, which have been heavier than was anticipated. We hope honestly to pay all claims, and when all is done and finished, we shall, as far as possible, call together all the contributors, and they can decide what shall be done with this white-winged messenger of salvation providentially placed in our hands. "He leadeth me." "Thou shalt guide me with thy council."

Already from high and honorable religious parties several have put in pleas for the Tent and the humble minister who, in God's providence was in charge, for gospel purposes, for next summer. Through this great Tent, in its first gospel work, and further on, many may be able to say, and I may be among them, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

While I write, this 23d day of October, the mail comes. The postman brings me letters from three different states and conferences of the M. E. Church, asking me to help in a dedication and revival work, "And shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him, though He bear long with them?" "I tell you he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

In the spring of 1879, when my character passed in my old conference before that respected body, no one said, "A song, give us a song!" Nevertheless I sung:

"I saw the way-worn traveller
In tattered garments clad;
And struggling up the mountain
It seemed that he was sad.
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone;
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory
I shall wear."

There were many tears shed, and many shouted, "Glory to God in the highest!" This was not confined to the ministry, but extended to the immense assembly. This was a critical hour for my opponents I am sure. No doubt they said, "with this tide of feeling in Brother Manship's favor, he will be granted anything he asks for." There were some uneasy brothers wondering what turn things would take! But I asked for what gratified my opponents, but pleased God and myself at that time, and was grievous to my friends, yet advanced the Kingdom of God. Any one that understands my case, knows how I have been wronged and misunderstood. But I am no better to be injured than the Master himself, if thereby the word of the Lord is glorified. And in a later day His glorious apostle, Paul, who wrote from experience: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. I know how both to be abased and I know how to abound, every where in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." He then shouts, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Give us a fair chance. Don't demand of us to make bricks without furnishing straw. Rev. Bishop Peck said to an honored member of the conference, "How do they expect Brother M. to pay his liabilities and strengthen his financial affairs when they keep from him appointments that would enable him to accomplish (to him as well as us), that most desirable work?"

Suppose I throw, if I can, a little light on this subject. Many of my readers know what difficult appointments I filled from 1849 to 1872 continuously; churches built; the work of the Conference agencies earnestly prosecuted, comprehending eight years. The church had my undivided attention; my house, heart and pocket-book always open. How the latter was depleted. In the spring of 1872, physicians of eminence said to me, and gave certificates to that effect, you must break off from the regular constant work of the ministry or you will break down. My soul was in the work; I said, however, I will desist for a few years. I was too poor and encumbered by sacrifice for the good of society, to be idle in my supernumerary relation. I was too high in my notions to be a claimant on the Conference funds. I was insured for the benefit of the church early in my ministry; I had written on it. I was sought after as a special agent, and in a most reputable company offered a salary of $2000. I said to myself this is a good opening of Providence. I remained for four years or over; my health was improved, and I felt a great desire to resume the work of the regular ministry. I wished to do so in the spring of 1876, and hence resigned my agency. I suppose some few in the Conference felt like saying, "Brother Manship went out in 1872 to engage in secular matters, and it is better to keep him out." It is likely I had crossed somebody's path.

Rev. Wm. H. Elliott, Presiding Elder, startled me in 1876 Conference, when he said to me, "Brother Manship, if you ask for an effective relation Brother

C. will oppose you!" I said, then I will continue my supernumerary relation. I have tendered my resignation in a business aspect. I will preach for the brethren, do all the good I can, and trust in God that in 1877 an effectual door will open. So that year I had no salary from any source. I naturally had to become more embarrassed, for my family was pretty large. The Lord put it into the hearts of the people of a certain church to use their utmost endeavors to procure my services for 1877. I have the letters of the committee now. They said, "We will move you; we want you for spiritual revival work; we want you to settle down with us; you can help to build us up. We thought of another minister; had asked the Presiding Elder of his district, Rev. C. F. Turner, for the minister, but we were honorably excused, and the Elder said to the committee: "I agree with you that Brother Manship just now is the most suitable man you could get." The people in Philadelphia said, "He will be the right man in the right place." The committee, time after time, approached their own Elder and told him they wanted Brother Manship. He said, "Do you know him?" They replied, "We have known him for thirty years!" Their Elder said to them, "Will Brother Manship suit you?" "Yes, better than any other man just now in the Conference." The Elder said, "Will you not put down another name or two?" "No, we do not want any one else." The Elder said, as the committee informed me, "He can make a noise!" They replied, "We want some one that can do that very thing, for we have been asleep

and dead long enough, and ought to be awakened out of sleep." The Elder said, "He is supernumerary, and I do not know that the Conference will change his relation." "We are ready," said they, "to take him whether the Conference changes his relation or not, and we have the best of reasons for desiring him; we feel satisfied that his pastoral habits, his fondness for the children, his ability to sing, and his warm manner of preaching and exhorting, is just what we want, and we can give him a good support." They did not ask for any one else that year! I said to them, "Brethren, drop me, and ask for some other minister; the Elder is not in sympathy with my going to your appointment." I do not say it in an acrimonious spirit, but the course pursued to defeat this arrangement was unjustifiable and unkind. Any aggressive minister will have opponents, if he do not say "Shibboleth!" as certain ones in the laity and ministry want us to do, and if we "make a noise," and outstrip our superiors in practical matters and results, we have to "mourn at the last." But it is to be hoped in all such cases (and it is likely there are others), it may be verified, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." Bishop Foster for the first time presided in Philadelphia Conference; he was a stranger to me and I to him. I did not button-hole him. I felt hopeful, that as I had several personal friends in the council, that all would be well, and that I would be properly looked after. In that particular, to a great extent, I was mistaken. To accomplish my defeat

three of my creditors, I am afraid, were instructed to make complaint just at that time to the Elder, who was very pliable to the plaintiffs, apparently forgetting that the defendant had rights that ought to have been somewhat respected; for if our purse is taken that is trash, but when you filch from us our good name you make us exceedingly poor. It is awful when we are "wounded in the house of our friends." The idea of sending three bills, one of $5, one about $20, and the other was $150, to a "Committee of Conference," and there were no aggravating circumstances in either case, and having a minister who had not received for the year a dollar of salary (and each of the debts of recent contraction), cited to appear before that committee to explain, and for them to see if there was any cause of action against the minister. This was all done in dear old St. George's in 1877, and the galleries crowded with spectators, my friends "from near and from far." The bishop had the kindness to say "there was nothing against the moral character of Brother Manship, it related to financial questions." But the people did not know fully the state of the case, though the bishop did explain very kindly. The committee on "Conference Relations," and "The Committee of Conference" met jointly and soon made up their minds that there was nothing against Brother Manship, and so reported to the conference. But the harm was done, the minister's way was hedged up. Bishop Foster did not fully comprehend the drift of things, for sometimes Satan appears in the garb of an angel

of light, and the very elect may be deceived. If I should live to publish my work, "Forty years in the Wilderness," I have a personal reminiscence of a case of deception practised on two Presiding Elders and a Bishop, between thirty and forty years ago, and a great end was achieved, but great harm done. It will startle many people. The leading spirit is still alive, but, I regret to say, has made a shipwreck of Faith. What injury he did me. "Another such victory would have ruined me!" If parties could have had another spirit with them how thrilling and profitable might have been the results! It is more than likely that had the writer been permitted to go to the point named and remained his three years from 1877 to 1880, the grandest spiritual results would have followed. In three years how his finances would have been built up, and his ministerial status have been gloriously strengthened and sufferings averted, and hard speeches by disappointed creditors who did not understand the case would never have been uttered; credit would not have been, to any extent, forfeited.

I had no income worth naming for the year, except from marriage fees. If my brethren thoughtfully had first accorded to me my disciplinary rights, and given me, as they were doing at that very time to others that never did, in some cases, half or one-tenth part of the herculean work, it would have, at that identical conference of 1877, been more than enough to have enabled me to have adjudicated all three of the claims over which there was such a furor. If I had been the Presiding

Elder, I would have tried my best, I think, to have done it; and the other thing of parading those bills before the Conference, I would have left undone. He is an able minister, and I have no ill-feeling towards him; but is every able minister adapted to that very responsible office amongst us? To-day, as heretofore, I have been an earnest advocate of the office, but let us have God's noblemen, the very wisest, the most experienced, the most feeling and most "unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord" in the office as aforetime. For this officer has in his hands, if not our lives, to a great extent, "our fortunes and our sacred honor." We sometimes have been tempted to say of this momentous Methodist feature of the ministry (in very rare cases): "And whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down."

As Bishop Peck said at the conference in 1879, "How can they expect Brother Manship to meet his responsibilities when he is deprived of all the prerequisites by which he can come up to the scriptural standard 'owe no man any thing but love.'"

My readers will pardon me for bringing out the fact that in 1876 I united in marriage one hundred and five couples, which brought in four hundred and twenty-one dollars! Does this indicate that I had sacrificed my good name in the community, notwithstanding I was "tormented before the time?" And can not people with good judgment see if I had received appointments that my age, services and adaptation seemed to call for, what the finan-

cial outcome in the payment of those liabilities, in the regular work, with its grand labors and results, would have been, and increased all the time, the reputation earned by hard work in the Christian ministry, to which my heart was consecrated in the days of my youth, and with the outside prerequisites added on, would have "borne us conqueror through," and brought about glorious results and we could have shouted:

"Deliverance has come!"

And by the Spring of 1880, when I would constitutionally have closed my pastorate at ———, I could have triumphantly said, "If the Son sets us free, we are free indeed." Then the exchequer and the openings would have been of such a character that I could have said, "Here I am, send me" if you choose, east, west, north or south; I do not belong to the militia, but am a regular in the army, to go wherever ordered. Does not this throw light on the subject?

We have done the best we could under the circumstances. Settling down in Philadelphia, in 1879, for wise and noble purposes, we have entered into every open door on an Evangelistic basis. "In journeyings, often in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils on the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Still we prosecuted

the great work of educating our children in the public schools by remaining as residents of Philadelphia, a most important matter to us under the circumstances, and in winning souls from the spring of 1879 to 1882, from Tangier Island, in Virginia, to Atlanticville, New Jersey, and can honestly say we were "in labors abundant." On this Evangelistic work from 1879 to 1882, I shall hope to give my readers of "Forty years in the Wilderness," a moving chapter by and by.

Providentially, in the spring of 1882, I was led into old Sanctuary, in a way I knew not, and now last, though in some respects not least, I have fought the good fight of faith in the great Wigwam or Australian circus, Broad and Spring Garden streets, from July 28th to October 7th, and now with courage and determination fully resume my labors in Sanctuary, and feel strong in the strength which God supplies through his Eternal Son. Brethren pray for us! We hope and fully expect to take into Sanctuary a power and influence from the great Tent meetings that will be irresistible. They shall come from the east and west and north and south of our city, and help us to build up the church and "strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees." Then I will say, "Behold mine eyes have seen thy salvation, now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

### II.—HELP ON THE INDIANS.

It gives us a deeper knowledge of human nature to recur to some of the financial lights and shad-

ows through which we passed in the bold attack we were moved to make on sin's strongholds at Broad and Spring Garden streets. Many very pleasant financial things occurred. One of the pleasant things was an honorable gentleman liberal to the poor, but, as he considers for good reasons, he refuses to give anything to churches. I approached him in his stately mansion, we reasoned on the work, in the course of our conversation we said we had tried to be kind to the Indians that were left behind that had formerly gone through their war dances and other unique Indian customs, and had been a great attraction under that immense Tent. Furthermore, we had paid the fare of one of them and sent him on to the Red men in the far west, and what was more to be prized than all the rest we had tried to get some of them to seek salvation; among them an Indian princess. She knelt for a short time. I think her predilections were favorable to the Roman Catholics. Like Sitting Bull, she favored the Roman Catholic Church, which is much better than none. This idea I obtained from Dr. Durbin's Observations in Europe. The wealthy gentleman said, and his wife and daughters were much pleased, "Mr. Manship, anyhow, I will give you $5 to help on your work with the Indians." May this be only the beginning of that gentleman's liberality to the church, which is really the bulwark and boast of our free institutions. The Gospel policy is the best for the Red man of America. "Then shall they beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and

learn war no more." Praise the Lord for the prospect. Since the Tent meeting closed the Lord has sent to our help in Sanctuary an Indian preacher. He has preached and lectured with great power and acceptability. How much he can do in bringing the Indians to Christ. He is going back to the far west in the near future to preach to them. I refer to Rev. J. J. Kelley.

### III.—"GET OUT OF THE OLD RUTS."

In prosecuting a purely denominational work you call on certain leading men, hunt them down "like the partridge on the mountain;" "weary them by your continued coming." All this I know experimentally. How grand and exhilirating it has been in this gospel, non-sectarian work, to come in contact with men of different creeds, some not religious at all, and finding our objects and aims are mainly one. I have reached Mr. B., Mr. G., Mr. H., of Broad street, Mr. H., of Green street, Mr. B., of Broad street, Mr. W., Mr. B., of Green street, Mr. McN., Dr. R., Dr. F., Mr. H., Messrs. T. & H. and others. Visited some of them in their houses, in some cases prayed in their splendid homes. I feel as though I have commenced life over again, and history will repeat itself on broad, expansive, Christian, liberal principles. It has been said by some in relation to myself (perhaps those persons did not understand the case, or they might have been envious), "his usefulness in Philadelphia is ended, nobody wants him, he has stayed here too long." To any that feel so, we will not specially "fall out with them by the way," but inform them it is probable we shall con-

tinue to the end of life and here be buried, and rise in the resurrection morning with our brethren and sisters in the Lord, our kindred and loved ones who have passed on before, and our bodies "be fashioned like unto His glorious body."

I hope this is not quite correct. Suppose we review the quarter, ending October the 1st 1883, in regard to "the humble labors and results in Philadelphia:" 1st. We have had Sanctuary M. E. Church under our supervision; it is true we only preached the most of the time on Sabbath mornings. 2d. We have secured the Tent, as set forth in the foregoing pages, at a cost of $300, and manfully met its liabilities, and constantly occupied it day and night from July 28th to October 1st. 3d. We have visited the sick at various hours, and attended many funerals amongst all classes. 4th. In addition to the regular numerous services in the Tent, we prepared sermons thirty-six days in succession of fifteen minutes in length, and delivered them with earnestness to workingmen between 12 and 1 o'clock. 5th. We have baptized and married our full proportion. In reference to the latter interesting ceremony, I am happy to say I have, as I hope prudently, united together in the holy bonds of matrimony thirty-one couples during that time, and sent away a few couples because they were ineligible by a variety of circumstances. 6th. And last and not least, in toil, anxiety and labor, has been the financial pressure. We had not a dollar to begin with on the 28th of July, and knew not where it was to come from; but

faith and works have carried us through to the amount of about six hundred dollars—Tent and running expenses. Some may say "this alabaster box of ointment—of spikenard very precious—ought not to have been wasted!" Is not the salvation of one blood-bought soul worth infinitely more than all the toil and expense? Praise be given to God, we have had seventeen saved, and forty-eight have stood up for prayers, and the precious seed sown for a glorious and an eternal harvest. And I hope our usefulness is not at an end in Philadelphia.

Paul Jones, of Revolutionary fame, had a great naval engagement and finally captured two British frigates. The British commander, seeing that bloody work was done on board the American vessel, commanded Paul Jones to surrender. The intrepid American sent him word, it is said, "I have not commenced fighting yet." We hope to fight many spiritual battles yet and win many victories in the Sacramental army in Philadelphia, and where the Lord "leadeth me." "Brethren pray for us." Let me live in your sympathies. I know I must not expect too much.

> "O, ask not, hope thou not too much
> Of sympathy below;
> Few are the hearts whence one same touch
> Bid the sweet fountain flow."

As a venerable and successful lawyer and physician is respected and in demand why should not the experienced minister, who has studied with

theology, human nature and adaptation for many years, be wonderfully useful and shine more and more until the perfect day? I hope this may be my happy lot. I expect it to be, and hope to slay more in death, Samson-like, than in my life.

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all and cry in death
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Words thus uttered preach with great eloquence and power. Wesley's words in death were, "the best of all, God is with us!" Bishop McKendry's words, "All is well!" Dudley Tyng's words, "Stand up for Jesus!" Alfred Cookman's, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" are glorious and immortal. How impressive are dying words. St. Paul's cap the climax, "I am now ready to be offered!"

"IF HE WERE DEAD WE WOULD BURY HIM."

Of course I am too much of a gentleman to mention names, but the following is too sprightly to be unrecorded. One of my committee approached a certain city official and spoke to him of the good work being done through the labors of Rev. A. Manship and his colleagues, in the Tent, and asked the gentleman if he would aid the work by a contribution. He told the committee-man as follows, with considerable dignity: "We have so many calls of this kind we have to halt, and must decline giving anything to you. Mr. Manship is no doubt doing

a good work, and he is well and favorably known as an indefatigable, useful man, and if it was to aid him, say for instance, in case of death, we would feel bound to assist in burying him!" It is gratifying to know there is a prospect of getting buried when dead. I will quote a quaint passage of scripture for the benefit of that city official: "A living dog is better than a dead lion!" We want "living sacrifices" not dead ones, "wholly acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." I am hopeful that that "Scribe," I will not say Pharisee (for he may be a very good Christian), will not be called on to assist in burying me for many long years. I want to live "to do good and communicate." I have preached the funeral sermons of several city officials, and may be called on again; and if it should come to pass, and such a thing is possible, the city official should die first, and if such an insignificant clergyman as myself should be called upon to take part in the services, every body would see that I went on the basis "now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

### IF YOU ARE A MINISTER THAT'S SUFFICIENT.

In our efforts to raise the funds, mostly we had "kind words that shall never die" spoken to us. Some we will say, not overly honorable exceptions. I was trying to reach a certain proprietor of an extensive establishment not far from the Tent, and enlist him in our good work, and happened to say, "I am the minister in charge of the Tent work!"

He turned his back on me and said, "If you are the minister that's sufficient. Don't say any thing more to me, I want nothing to do with you or any of your fraternity." So a wet blanket was thrown on me and my cause, and it would not be "the more excellent way" to have success and sunshine all the time. Is not the spirit abroad in the land to-day that arrested Paul and Silas in their gospel work and put them into prison for casting out of a young woman the spirit of divination who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying? While we were at the Tent trying to cast out devils, trying to oppose the liquor traffic, sensuality, infidelity and all species of sin, we met with slurs, innuendoes, criticisms and opposition in various ways. One notable woman, in a certain street, finding some of her neighbors would go night after night to the great Tent meetings said, "Why will you run after that crazy fanatic?" But we were disposed to go forward, shouting, "O, clap your hands all ye people! shout unto God with the voice of triumph!"

"DON'T WEARY IN WELL DOING."

There is an individual described in the foregoing part of this work, who took the pledge, professed religion and joined the church on probation. I, myself, aided him a little, and others did so. He spoke in one of the meetings modestly, beautifully, but he gave way to temptation; he fell away; he came into the Tent in a state of intoxication; I asked him to withdraw; he was taken ill; he sent for me to come and see him; I went three times; prayed with him;

gave him a small amount of money. This man worked on my sympathies so that I determined, at his request, to try to get him into the Reformatory Home. I succeeded. See the following paper.

THE FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME.
PHILADELPHIA, September 28th 1883.

REV. A. MANSHIP:

DEAR SIR: We will take Mr. B. on your recommendation and give him a trial. Bring him with you at any time.

Yours respectfully,
C. J. GIBBONS, Superintendent.

I went to his room to take him personally to the Home. I found him with his room-mate very drunk. I was disheartened. I reproved him severely; I told him of his ingratitude, and left him. This was the latter part of September last. His life from that time till October 19th, I suppose was that of a friendless, homeless wanderer, walking the streets all night, going into the country and sleeping in out-houses. He put in an appearance at my house on the 19th of October in a state of utter destitution, yet sober and intelligent. Though it was cool, he was badly and thinly clad. His shoes were almost soleless, his hat was seedy, and all the clothes he had on were shabby, and only consisted of a pair of pants, a shirt and a threadbare thin coat. In this plight I seated him, when he came, in my parlor. He told me his tale of sorrow. I said I will try again. The natural way would be to spurn him, out this comparatively young man, well educated, the son of an ex-Congressman and with a feeling

heart, full of hope, must be pitied. "So that contrawise, ye ought to forgive him and comfort him, lest perhaps such an one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow." I did try to show the magnanimity of the gospel. By the evening of the 20th I had shoes and stockings on his feet, underclothing, vest and coat (the coat was of excellent cloth), neck-tie and collar—old things passed away all things became new. I was assisted by calling on Mrs. John Graham, Mrs. Christian Bailey and Rev. J. M. Golday.

I took him down in person, walking every step of the way, on Saturday night, to the Reformatory Home, and as we entered the door I caught a glimpse, by the gaslight, of the inscription on the transom of the door, "With joy we greet you."

These things and one more circumstance, a very bright one, caused my feelings to be very much aroused, and tears to flow copiously. You will inquire, what other circumstance does he mean? I answer, about 35 years ago, when I was a young itinerant Methodist preacher, in the glorious little state of Delaware, the president of this grand Reformatory Institution, S. P. Godwin, Esq., was an intelligent, noble young man, the son of noble sires, where I used to put up; he was won to Jesus, and I saw him triumphantly converted in our protracted meeting in Milford M. E. Church, and at a late hour in the night we accompanied him, with many others with us, to his paternal home singing all the way

"Children of the Heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways."

With the soul-stirring chorus

Victory, victory, when we've gained the victory;
O, how happy we shall be when we gain the victory!"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Now I will, as confirmatory of this narrative, give my readers Mr. B.'s own account.

PHILADELPHIA, October —, 1883.

REV. ANDREW MANSHIP:

MY DEAR SIR: Learning that you are about to publish a statement concerning the doings in the Tent at Spring Garden and Broad streets, last summer, and wishing most sincerely to render you any service that may be in my power, I take this opportunity to give to the public, through you, a short story of what a Christian, such as you, will go through to save a sinner. I came to the Tent last August, a worn-out, hungry, ragged and inebriated tramp, and a perfect stranger, and by you, and you alone, I was fed and sheltered for some three days, and actually set on my feet (so that I was enabled to earn a living, the same amounting to some fifteen or eighteen dollars per week), at a considerable expense of money to you, besides much time. After some days of sobriety and thought, I joined your church on probation, but in an evil hour I was tempted, and fell. How you must have felt. Money, time and sympathy wasted on an ungrateful and worthless human being, A few weeks passed on and I fell sick at my miserable lodgings. Being friendless and penniless, and not knowing which way to turn, I sent for you, hardly supposing that you would pay any attention to my call. Ah, but you came and fed me, and cheered me, and prayed for me; and when I recovered, you proposed that I should go to the

Franklin Home, taking upon yourself the time and trouble necessary to obtain my admission. And the very day that I was to enter that institution you came to my room and found me, "alas that it was so," drunk! Your just indignation was aroused and you left me, but still bidding me come to your church. Some three or four weeks later, in the stormy part of the month of October, being homeless, penniless, friendless and in rags, and driven to desperation, I had the impudence to call at your house, as the last resort, for aid, fully expecting to be ordered away from your door; but, "thank God," I was taken by the hand, sheltered and fed for two days, and then clothed and placed in the Franklin Home for Inebriates, from which, with "God's favor" I hope to come forth a changed man. Words can not express my thanks to you, or my appreciation of your noble Christian character; but it is felt way down in my heart, and God on high has the record of the story. Humbly hoping that while life lasts I may be able to sign myself,

Your Brother in Christ,

B——.

One of my leading designs in occupying the great Tent was to strengthen Sanctuary M. E. Church; though much discouraged many said, "The Tent is too far off, how can it benefit Sanctuary?" 1st. We expected to benefit her by extensive advertising. Who does not know the value of advertising? It is a low estimate to suppose 50,000 people read our bulletin opposite our Tent door, standing out in bold relief on Broad street. Also by the press and hand-bills we proclaimed Sanctuary "on the house-top." 2d. We expected to benefit her by bringing into her a larger congregation, from our working-men's meetings, from our general meetings, and our children's meetings. 3d. Also by adding to her membership. This has already commenced;

the stream has commenced flowing. It is true some have joined not overly promising to my people, but others are promising. "My hope is full, oh glorious hope!" My readers will shed tears when they read Mr. B——'s letter, speaking of some humble services rendered, patience, perseverance, &c. Two promising, gifted young men have watched our energetic work of faith and labor of love. One from one of our most aristocratic M. E. Churches by certificate, and one on probation, well educated, competent to lead in prayer and speak in public, and he, Mr. McAllister, did deliver in the Tent, on Sabbath afternoon August 5th, a stirring public address, that moved the hearts of not a few people. None the worse is he because he is an Irishman, and always trained, from childhood, in the Presbyterian Church—a blessing to any child thus to be reared. God bless the Presbyterians for their great respect for the Christian Sabbath, and for their care in training their offspring!

I observed a pensive looking lady apparently clinging to the cross; she was a mother, and how strong is a mother's love? I found she had lost a lovely son last summer (22d of August) at Lake Side Park, by drowning. His last Sabbath on earth was well occupied. The mother and this piously trained youth had arranged to attend our great Tent meeting at Broad and Spring Garden streets, but the rain prevented them. Clad in the habiliments of mourning, she came without the son, and praise to our sympathizing Jesus, in the glorious Gospel Tent, she was not "ashamed of the

Gospel," and bowed before the Lord and found strong consolation by trusting in the Saviour, and from her penitent aching heart said—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

John S., the youth referred to, was sixteen years old, and was a prominent member of the Cadets of Temperance and a Sabbath School scholar, and only on the Sabbath before his death by drowning he was solicited by the Superintendent to announce a hymn of his own selection in the school; this he did. The hymn was as follows—was not this significant?

Fierce and wild the storm is raging,
Round a helpless bark;
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
O'er the waters dark!

CHORUS.—Joy, oh joy! behold the Saviour!
Joy, oh joy! the message hear!
I'll stand by until the morning,
I've come to save you, do not fear.
Yes, I'll stand by until the morning,
I've come to save you, do not fear!

Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen,
Fainting on the deck;
With what joy they hail their Saviour,
As he hails the wreck.

On a wild and stormy ocean,
Sinking 'neath the waves;
Souls that perish heed the message,
Christ has come to save!

Daring death the soul to rescue,
He in love has come;
Leave the wreck, and in him trusting,
Thou shalt reach thy home.

This weeping mother came forward on Sabbath morning, October 21st 1883, in Sanctuary M. E. Church, after hearing a sermon by the writer on "The joy of the Lord is your strength," and joined on probation, feeling, "weeping endureth for the night but joy cometh in the morning." So the work will go on, as we trust, in Sanctuary (and in all the churches), and she will be built up temporally and spiritually. Just as soon as the public find the minister and the membership are united in trying to promote the salvation of the masses, and a genuine Gospel revival breaks out, on the right and left, and I feel in my soul the set time to favor Zion has come. You will find "whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain." No longer will it be said, "Sanctuary is doomed; Sanctuary had better sell out; Sanctuary is not well located; Sanctuary is not self-sustaining; Sanctuary cannot pay her debts; she ought to have been sold long ago," and many other damaging things. Everybody will pray, "cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary:" Daniel, 9th chapter, 17th verse.

And now, looking on her internal appearance, cleansed of late by the energy of a few faithful members and friends, which had not been done for six years or more, and what an improvement! An old saying is, piety and cleanliness go hand in hand; and while we want internal proofs of the increasing power of the sanctuary, external proof is not unacceptable; so the writer called his trustees together and said, "Brethren now let us give the dear old church home two coats of paint, in front at least.

I will go amongst my personal outside friends and gather up the necessary funds." Those dear brethren approved the proposition. And now we can say of her, she is "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King."

And from the great Tent meeting and from the labors of his servants in the past and present year, in the cottage prayer meetings, in the market house and hose house, from "warning people from house to house with tears," and from the efforts in the Sunday school and from the pulpit, which has not given an uncertain sound, "what a gathering of the people that will be;" how arrows of conviction will fly; what conversions on the principles of the day of Pentecost will take place, and once more Sanctuary will be "the power of God unto salvation," and the passage will be realized by scores and hundreds crying for mercy, "Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion!" Then we shall find the people coming to the Sanctuary from all quarters to drink out of the "river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God."

"Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!"

Receiving the authority on Sabbath evening November 11th, to aid the trustees of Sanctuary in painting the outside of the church to make her look more inviting, I modestly referred to it when

I preached on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14th, in Roxborough M. E. Church (Rev. Mr. Graff's); on Thursday evening at Merion Square M. E. Church, (Rev. Mr. Prettyman's), Nov. 15th, and at the St. George's M. E. Church, New Castle county, Del., (Rev. Mr. Cochran's), where I was invited to assist in the reopening of the M. E. Church, Nov. 18th, 1883. At all of these points, through my books, I did a little (if necessary), for the object named.

Is it not a singular thing, that as I supposed, I ended this chapter sometime ago by quoting the passage relating to the river, that makes glad the city of God, and also quoting the verse, "its streams the whole creation reach," that I unwittingly, without any reference to the close of my Tent book, wrote a sermon at the St. George's parsonage while I looked on the canal that connects the Delaware river with the Chesapeake bay? I never preached from it in my life, but I will sometime, if my life is spared awhile. My text is "There is a river, &c.," Psalms, 46th chapter, 4th verse.

I. The stream of salvation is like a river. 1. On account of its great extent. 2. On account of its meandering course. 3. On account of its freeness. 4. On account of its cleansing qualities.

II. Some of its peculiarities. 1. This river never needs any dredging, it is always deep and wide. Just deep enough and just wide enough. 2. This river is always healthful; there is no miasma or unwholesome vapors or odors ever arise from it. 3. There never will be another river of this spiritual type discovered by explorers or navigators. This

river circumnavigates and washes the globe. 4. On its pure waters, clear as crystal, we sail into the celestial port. And shout

"The voyage of life is at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in Heaven we spend
Forever and ever shall last."

III. How does its streams make glad the city of God? 1. The church is gladdened in seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Where God's spirit is poured out on the churches and his work revived. 2. This is fulfilled when heathen nations quit bathing in the river Ganges, superstitiously, and plunge into the healing stream and shout:

"There may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!"

3. This is fulfilled when the streams of salvation roll millions on Canaan's happy shore, and they come up out of great tribulation from every part of the habitable globe, and their garments are washed white in the blood of the lamb. "Yes, whiter than snow." Isaiah 35th chapter, 10th verse. "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The reopening of St. George's, on the Delaware and Chesapeake canal, on the 18th of November 1883, was a bright day. The congregations were large; three times we had service, besides a prayer

meeting and a children's meeting. Thirty years ago I was there when the present church was dedicated. Rev. Bishop Waugh and Rev. Brother Dennison, who were there, are in the spirit land, and very many I found there thirty years ago, are "over there." The corner-stone laying I also attended over thirty years ago. There was a great Tent set up. Rev. Elon J. Way and Rev. Mr. Dennison, glorious men of God, were the circuit preachers, full of hope and happiness; Rev. Mr. Howe, of the Presbyterian Church, took part, and I remember I facetiously said, taking hold of the ropes of the Tent, "Howe, Howe, Howe shall we lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes so as to build up here a strong church to flame with the glory of God." Then said to Rev. Mr. Howe, "Christian union is one way to bring this about," and, I presume, all along the line of battle, from that day on till the re-dedication, thirty years afterwards, the two denominations have "let brotherly love continue." Rev. Mr. Rumer, the present acceptable and gentlemanly pastor of the Presbyterian Church, with very many of his congregation, attended the morning service and heard a thrilling sermon from Rev. Mr. Downey, of Broad Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia. Rev. Mr. Rumer was one of the speakers in the afternoon. Also, Rev. Mr. Fries and Rev. Mr. Hunter, former pastors, spoke with directness and great appropriateness, and abounding sympathy; young Rev. Mr. Dodd dismissed. It was one of the best afternoon services at a reopening or dedication I ever attended. Rev. Mr.

Cochran, the young pastor, displayed tact and marked ability in the management of the whole matter. I said of him to myself: "He has an old man's head on a young man's shoulders." I had the honor of preaching at night to a great crowd, as I did thirty years ago. I do not know which was the better of the two sermons. I presume in neither case did I "do many wonderful works." "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." "The best of all God was with us." The singing was superior. Miss Wiser, who presided at the organ with so much grace and Christian dignity, won laurels that day, I am sure. The tunes we felt moved to ask her to render were given cheerfully in every case, both by herself and the choir, avoiding "putting on airs," and seemed to me to sing and play "with the spirit and understanding also." Such a choir must be a blessing to the church. Another thing that struck me favorably was the ability in the power of song of the young, energetic superintendent of the Sabbath school, Mr. Pierce, who so nobly assisted us with the children's meeting. He is also one of the trustees and building committee. "The workmen die, but the work goes on." The St. George's M. E. Church, so well fortified in every sense of the word, cannot fail to be a "savor of life unto life, and not of death unto death." The sixteen hundred dollars worth of improvements certainly have been economically

expended and grandly provided for before dedication and opening day. The parsonage as well as the church is a gem. The preacher's home is an honor to the society; and I mean what I say, that the inmates, Rev. Mr. Cochran and his lady, are an honor to the parsonage. Rev. Mr. Downey and myself were there so pleasantly entertained, I lingered till Monday evening, November 19th 1883, rolling up a good list of subscribers to "Thirteen Years in the Itineracy," to aid me a little in improving Sanctuary. This work contains quite an elaborate account of the dedication, thirty years ago. It was interesting, therefore, to the young people. I visited and prayed with several interesting families. On Monday, among the rest, I visited my old friend, Mr. Colder, who took, thirty years ago, such a deep interest in the church. I was glad to find he still felt interested. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I clipped the following from the *Wilmington Conference Worker*. It is a part of a letter written by the pastor to the editor soon after the reopening:

ST. GEORGE'S, New Castle Co., Del.

REV. C. H. SENTMAN.—DEAR BRO: We had an excellent day for our reopening on last Sabbath, November 18th. It could not have been more favorable for us in respect to the weather. According to previous announcement, Rev. Wm. Downey, of Philadelphia, preached in the morning a grand sermon, after which about $300 was raised. In the afternoon a reunion service was held. Rev. A. Manship, who was at the corner-stone laying and dedication, thirty years ago, Rev. W. H. Fries, of Mahony City, Pa., a former pastor, Rev. T. B. Hunter, a former pastor, and Rev. H. Rumer, Presbyterian pastor, were present and spoke.

Letters from former pastors who could not be present, were read by the pastor. Also letters were read from some who had gone out from the church and Sunday school to preach the gospel. Incidents of interest in connection with the church and people and pastors were brought out, which touched many hearts, causing tears of both joy and sorrow to be shed.

The choir interspersed appropriate singing, in which the people could and did take part, thus deepening the impressions and adding greatly to the interest of the occasion. A collection was taken at the close of this service, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Julius Dodd, of Red Lion, this conference.

At 6.30 P. M., a children's meeting was held in charge of Rev. W. H. Fries, who spoke to the children, as did also Rev. A. Manship, and the present pastor. This interesting service had to close too soon, in view of the evening preaching.

In the evening, a little after 7 P. M., Rev. A. Manship, of Philadelphia, preached effectively to a large congregation, after which $375 more was raised. Thus closed one of the greatest days in the history of St. George's M. E. Church. In view of our services, the Presbyterian pastor and people came over, not to Macedonia, but to our church, and helped us with their presence, kind words and pocket-books. This cordiality between the two denominations here is of long standing, and under the leadership of the present noble man of God, Rev. H. Rumer, will never grow less, we feel sure.

I reached home on Monday evening, and was busily engaged on Tuesday in proper Christian work; went at 4 P. M. to express a few of my books to St. George's, that the loving people had subscribed for; with books in my arms, taken from a shelf in a bindery, I stepped on a ladder, the bottom slipped, I was precipitated some eight feet, and my right foot was badly sprained. Since which time I have suffered very severe pain up to this writing, November 24th 1883; but I do not murmur, "my hands, my head

and my heart are all full." And although I cannot walk, I can write and think, and within a few days, through the U. S. Mail, I hope to write and send out one hundred and fifty appeals to that many chosen precious friends, to aid me a little in getting dear old Sanctuary ready for re-dedication in a few weeks. But for this sprain I should have gone in person. "But the Word of God is not bound." You might as well undertake to stop the rolling of the mighty waters over Niagara Falls as to dam up the tidal wave of Salvation! The following are some of the responses to my letters relating to Sanctuary:

The first was from my friend, not a member of any church, inclosing $1 (Mr. J. B. M.), "I received your note, and was very sorry to hear that you met with a misfortune in spraining your ankle. Hope you will soon be able to be up and about. Find $1 for your church."

One noble friend sent, in answer to my circular and letter, $5, and no words, but "actions speak louder than words." He sent a stamped envelope by which I could acknowledge the receipt of it.

Another, an Episcopalian, sent a new $5 note, and I would not have known where it came from, except he wrapped the note up in a blank half sheet of paper, with his name and number printed on one corner.

A noble friend of mine in an adjoining state, formerly sheriff of his county, deservedly popular, is Mr. D. He is not a professor of religion. He says, "I send $2, one for your church and one for two copies

of your 'Tent History.' I wish I could make it two hundred. Sorry to hear of your accident, hope you will soon recover and be able to go on with your good work. Accept my little offering from the heart as well as from the pocket. I hope you may continue on in the good work for many years with health and vigor. I remain your friend. Don't forget me in your prayers."

Another friend, a noble Presbyterian, says, "Hope you will have glorious success in your Sanctuary Church. Please find inclosed one-tenth of the amount required to paint the front. Go on with it, dear brother, and the Lord will provide the means to pay for it. Glad your mishap is not so serious as it might have been, and that by the help of the Lord you will soon be able to be out again. Trusting your Thanksgiving day may be all you can desire, I am as ever, yours in the bonds of Christian fellowship."

Another friend says, "Brother Manship, I will take two shares ($1 each), one for myself and one for my wife."

A precious young lady says, "Brother Manship, mother sends you a dollar. We do hope you may have good success with the church, and that you may be instrumental in the conversion of many souls. How often we think of the happy meetings we used to have when you were pastor. How we sympathized with you and Mrs. M. when dear Estelle was burned. But we will all meet in Heaven."

Says a noble friend from Lancaster city, Mr. H.

S., "Dear Brother Manship, I received yours of November 30th, and was very glad to hear from you; but truly sorry to hear of your accident of the 20th November. Please find two dollars; I want you to send me one of your new books when finished, "History of Tents," and do with the balance as you think best. How glad I am always to hear from my dear old friend, Brother Manship. What happy times we have had together. I shall never forget them. I did expect to meet you at Conference last Spring, in Lancaster, but you were at work at Sanctuary. Brother R. and I had a good place for you—one of the best. Remember me at the throne of grace. What a happy time we will have when we get up before the throne!"

A lady writes me, "Dear Mr. Manship. Yours at hand, and I felt indeed sorry to hear of your accident; but trust with God's blessing you may be again on your feet much sooner than you expect. Inclosed you will find two dollars; wish I could spare more. When your book is ready I know my husband will take it. Wishing you very great success in all your undertakings, I am," &c.

Another "elect lady" answers by sending her check for the largest amount yet received. "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to man!"

Rev. Matthew Simpson, the senior Bishop of the M. E. Church and our resident Bishop, returning from Bishop Scott's funeral in July 1882, said to me, "I have felt much interest in Sanctuary; I have done what I could every way to encourage the church; I am

frank to confess I have become greatly discouraged. If you can help to revive the place I shall be very glad." Although the Bishop has had just cause to be disheartened, see the kindness he displays in his letter to me, in reply to one inviting him to preach at the re-opening of Sanctuary :—

PHILADELPHIA, December 4th 1883.

DEAR BROTHER:

Yours of 28th was received. I am sorry to say that it is impossible for me to give you either the fourth or fifth Sabbath in December, as I shall be absent from the city visiting Illinois, Iowa and Colorado. I may not be back for several weeks after that time. I am obliged to leave the city to-morrow morning, and fear I shall not be able to call; if at the last of the week I have time, I will. If I should not, please send me a copy of your "Gospel Tents" when you publish, and I will remit price.

Yours truly,

M. SIMPSON.

I wish we could have secured Bishop Simpson. I know it would have given him pleasure to have complied with our united request. I wish this venerable eloquent man could be spared to the church for a generation. I, as a visitor, was at the General Conference in 1852 when he was elected. I heard him before he was chosen Bishop, make a speech, and he pleasantly quoted Paul's words: "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." I do not remember anything about the drift of the speech but this; the General Conference was held in a pew church, and the last clause, "except these bonds," in a most happy manner this grand model Gospel minister

applied the clause to the pew system, "Except these bonds," pointing to the pews. When this burning and shining light goes out in death it may well be said, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel!"

I wrote, finding I could not obtain the services of Rev. Bishop Simpson, to Rev. Bishop Warren, and he writes me as follows, so promptly and so kindly:

ATLANTA, GA., December 10th 1883.

DEAR BROTHER MANSHIP:

Most gladly would I come to open old Sanctuary, a real sanctuary for the poor, but I sail for Mexico on that day.

Yours truly,

H. W. WARREN.

It falls to the lot of but few men to have been more intimate with some of our former bishops than myself, whose letters and biographical sketches I hope to incorporate in my anticipated "Forty Years in the Wilderness." For indirectly vindicating a noble bishop in his administration; on a certain occasion in the Philadelphia Conference, more than a quarter of a century ago, who was attacked in a newspaper as I thought very unjustly, I was told it would not be well for me personally to take the stand I did—I would suffer by so doing. That prophecy has been fulfilled. The great Henry Clay said: "Better to be right than to be President." I did my duty and the body carried the point, for which I have had to suffer not a little. But this venerable Bishop thanked me (for he was presiding), and kindly said to me, privately, "Brother Manship, you did right." I said, "But, Bishop, I

shall have to pay dear for the whistle." Many a time has this eminent minister shown great kindness to me. When I had an opportunity to vindicate him, and a principle too, was the doing of it worthy of death or even bonds? If this has put me to death, and if I have virtually been buried, it seems no doubt apparent to my readers I ought to have a resurrection. "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified!"

Bishop Heber, the author of our greatest missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," &c., says: "We deny our Lord whenever, like Demas, we, through love of this present world, forsake the course of duty which Christ has plainly pointed out to us. We deny our Lord whenever we lend the sanction of our countenance, our praise, or even our silence, to measures or opinions which may be popular and fashionable, but which we ourselves believe to be sinful in themselves or tending to sin. We deny our Lord whenever we forsake a good man in affliction, and refuse to give countenance, encouragement and support to those who for God's sake and for the faithful discharge of their duty, are exposed to persecutions and slander."

What a noble band of men in this high position we have always had, and now have, and I trust the future may be just as fortunate in the selection of our chief ministers. We do not lay any special claim to "apostolic succession," and yet in this highest grade of ministerial office, the chosen men from the beginning, almost one hundred years ago, since the Christmas Conference of 1784, when the great Asbury

was made bishop. He and his successors have had the apostolic faith, sound in doctrine, apostolic purity, "Holiness to the Lord," their motto, apostolic fervor and apostolic success. They have been "good men, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and much people have been added unto the Lord."

As already indicated, in the preceding pages, I took a location in 1879, which, at the time, seemed to me to be the "more excellent way." I could not, with the most buoyant health, ask for a supernumerary relation any longer, and I plainly saw that there were two formidable obstructions to my being placed on the effective list. 1st. Growing out of the circumstances referred to in the preceding pages. Should I have been made effective, it would have been with some considerable friction; some would have, at that time, felt like opposing it, no doubt sincerely, not understanding the case, which would have been grievous to me, and would have been injurious, perhaps. I have no doubt the request would have been granted. 2d. Had I been made effective, I well knew, from my long residence and labors, with all my lights and shadows, I would have been compelled, on our itinerating rotation principle (of which I am a decided advocate), to go out of Philadelphia, which was not practicable at that time. "Circumstances alter cases." My children, who were young and promising, had to be educated. I could not afford to send them to our boarding schools—but the public schools of Philadelphia loomed up before me. Thank God and the state of Pennsylvania, and especially the city of

Philadelphia, for such an arrangement. This is one of the main bulwarks of our country, and tends next to the Gospel to the elevation of society and the permanency and stability of our glorious Republic. I felt my children had a right, at least, to an education, if nothing else! Here I took my stand. In addition to this, I felt, here I have some influence over society, perhaps much more out of the church than in it, and perhaps more than many would suppose. This, I reasoned, must redound to my personal advantage. And if I could say for the sake of the glorious peculiarities of Methodism, "Lord, I have forsaken all!" Yes, more than all. I speak thoughtfully, would God require these also? Finally, I said to myself, God has given me a power and influence over many of the people of Philadelphia to do a little good, so that as an instrument in His hands I could draw people to the cross, as I could not do travelling any circuit or station that might be assigned to me. "Come now and let us reason together!"

I am impressed that I have not deservedly lost caste because I asked for and obtained a location. Many, "the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose," have located: Rev. Abel Stevens, the great Methodist historian; Rev. William Taylor, the greatest missionary in the world; Rev. Dr. Newman, who was chaplain to Congress and pastor of Metropolitan M. E. Church, and hosts of men "of whom the world was not worthy," have located or retired from the Itinerancy to promote some noble special ends, and their

usefulness has not been diminished. I well know my location has been commented upon very freely, and sometimes rather invidiously, by persons who did know only in part.

Ever since 1879, when I located, doors have opened, sometimes in prominent places, but mostly not so prominent in the estimation of the world. Thanks be to God that for three years I had a range where good was done on a broad scale I could not have had in the regular work. Laboring mostly in the Methodist Episcopal Church, however, God opened my way into four other denominations; in one case I labored for a week in a Presbyterian Church.

"Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still we are in spirit one,
Who walk with him in white."

For nearly two years I have been in Sanctuary M. E. Church, where I certainly should not have been had I been in the regular work. And now we can feel and say most hopefully, "Victory is nigh!" And the grand results in the Gospel Tent would not have been felt and seen in the regular way. It is clear to my mind that it sometimes happens that to have such a blessed judicious regulation is "a means of grace."

In 1879, the year I located, what would have become of the Western M. E. Church, if such a regulation had not existed? By many it was supposed Western M. E. Church, Philadelphia, was a

failure, and there seemed to be no one in the Conference of the proper make-up to say, "Here I am, send me!" It was left to be supplied; our brother, Rev. Thomas Kelley, a located preacher from another Conference, was providentially raised up; he was fixed upon and appointed. God made him "a savor of life unto life, and not of death unto death!" God bless the local preachers—they planted our glorious church in this country. And God still has for them a momentous work to do. They preach the same grand doctrines, hold the same parchments and perform the same functions and duties. Noble band of men—I am glad we have such an institution. It shows the great wisdom of our fathers, who organized our aggressive, onward, moving church, that now deservedly commands the respect of the Christian world.

Although located, "toiling up the way," trying to say, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," feeling that "it is good that a man should both hope and wait,"

> "Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose,
> The good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

The following papers which speak for themselves relate to the epoch in my history from 1879 to the present time, and will not I hope be deemed inappropriate by my readers:

A prominent lady engaged in a great Home Missionary work, who has a large Sunday School, and is on the eve of establishing a mission church on a noble plan, writes me, under date of Nov. 25th 1883.

I. IMPORTANT LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY LADY.

I must not close this letter to you without a few words on ———. We are trying hard to secure a lot; the way is growing more clear. A gentleman called last week and asked me if I still thought of having Mr. Manship as pastor or missionary for this place? I said yes. That is if I can get him. He then said, 'I think I can guarantee a salary of —— for the first year if that would do.' Just see how the Lord works for his own name's sake. 'Praise his name!' The way is preparing I think, for a grand, glorious work out in ———, and the time is speedily coming when the poor in that district shall have the gospel preached to them. May the Lord hasten that happy time."

II. ACTION OF 20TH ST. QUARTERLY MEETING CONFERENCE.

*Whereas*, Rev. A. Manship, the first regular pastor of Twentieth Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, having, five years ago, asked for a location, and connecting himself with this quarterly conference, as local elder, during three years of which time he having performed most successfully, evangelistic work, followed by hundreds of conversions: And

*Whereas*, For the past two years he has labored most ardently, and with unusual success in aiming to build up Sanctuary M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Therefore

*Resolved*, 1st. That this Quarterly Conference expresses its sympathy with Brother Manship's work, and commend him to Christian confidence.

*Resolved*, 2d. That this Quarterly Conference recommend Rev. A. Manship for re-admission into the travelling connection, provided he should ask for it.

Done at the Quarterly Conference of Twentieth street charge, Philadelphia, Pa., December 4th 1883.

JOSEPH WELCH, P. E.,
W. H. CLYMER, Sec'ry.

III. ACTION OF SANCTUARY M. E. CHURCH.

*Whereas*, Nearly two years ago, when the future of Sanctuary M. E. Church looked gloomy, conference had passed and made no provision for our spiritual wants, we called Rev. A. Manship from his evangelistic work to our assistance, which he accepted, though his financial prospects were very meagre.

*Whereas*, after one year's earnest labor the church being again left without a supply, recognising the good that Rev. A. Manship had accomplished, we again requested him to fill our vacant pulpit, which he again accepted.*

*Whereas*, Rev. A. Manship has earnestly and faithfully performed his duty and has and is doing his utmost in reviving and aiding us in all respects our intercourse together having been of a very pleasant nature, Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, By the board of trustees of Sanctuary M. E. Church, that we will ever remember with gratitude his great efforts to revive and build up our church.

*Resolved*, That we can heartily recommend him as an earnest, successful worker in the Master's cause.

*Resolved*, That we commend the productions of his pen as publications of great profit and worthy to be read by every one.

* In both cases with the approval of the presiding elder of the district, Rev. Jacob Hinson.

*Resolved*, That should he desire to resume effective service in the regular conference way that he richly merits all the benefits of the same by his long, faithful and useful labors, and we recommend his return to conference, and earnestly pray the Lord will give him success in the future, as in the past.

*Resolved*, The foregoing preamble and resolutions be entered upon the journal of this board, and a copy be duly signed by the officers of the board and furnished to Rev. A. Manship for publication.

Done at Sanctuary M. E. Church at a special meeting of the board, Dec. 16th 1883.

EDW. CLINE, President.
S. M. BEIDLER, Sec.
LEMUEL A. SHAW, Treas.

Should not an effectual door be opened for all earnest workers? "The harvest is plenteous and the laborers are few." "What e'er obstructs obstructs in vain."

Ministers and the laiety will duly sympathize, and from the deepest recesses of their hearts say, in the language of the poet,

> "It is not well,
> Here in this land of Christian liberty,
> That honest worth or hopeless want should dwell,
> Unaided by our care and sympathy."

Circumstances led us necessarily, when our precious daughter, Estelle, met with her tragical death, on the 10th of April last, to look out for a Machpelah. I shall ever cling to Mt. Moriah, remembering

the nobility and great kindness of the late Senator Connell to me and my deceased brother and friend, Rev. N. Heston, in his sending us in 1859, to select such lots as we desired. He presented them to us.

I was one of the bearers that tenderly lowered him (Rev. N. Heston) into the grave some years afterwards that he and I together selected in 1859. He was a noble and successful worker for Christ.

I felt like ever honoring Mr. Connell after that act. He has gone, and I trust it can truthfully be said,

"Now he sits in yonder hall, the senate of the skies."

I found the son of my friend (the late Senator Connell) was the leading man at Mount Moriah, and had taken the place of his father. At the time, he also was a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, I did not know him; I wrote to my kind young friend, Senator Gordon, to have an interview with Mr. Connell for me, in reference to the purchase of a larger lot, near the entrance in the dear old honored spot ever sacred to me, as reasonably as possible. I never dreamed of such a result as followed, and as the letters I received from Mr. Connell are an honor both to his head and heart I take the liberty of inserting them in this "Tent History and Experience."

HARRISBURG, April 27th 1883.

REV. ANDREW MANSHIP.—DEAR SIR: Senator James Gay Gordon has spoken to me in regard to your desire to procure a burial lot in the old ground in Mount Moriah Cemetery, and I desire to inform you that if you will visit the cemetery, at your own conve-

nience, my brother George (the superintendent) will aid you in the selection thereof, and I will take pleasure in making the price thereof consistent with that friendship which my late father has frequently expressed for you.

Very respectfully, &c., &c.

H. P. CONNELL.

HARRISBURG, May 10th 1883.

REV. ANDREW MANSHIP.—DEAR SIR: Since I received your last note, I have obtained the consent of Mr. E. Mercer Shreve, of Trenton, N. J., and Mrs. Elizabeth Connell, "who with myself are the proprietaries of that part of the cemetery in which you have selected the lot," to present the same to you without cost, except the sum of ten per cent. of its value, which amount belongs to the cemetery association, and goes into a fund for the perpetual maintenance of the grounds in good order, when the time comes that the other revenues of the association are insufficient for that purpose, and over which the proprietaries have no control.

With great respect

I am truly yours, &c.,

H. P. CONNELL.

My readers will see by reading the 23d chapter of Genesis, that my honorable friend dealt with me like Ephron the Hittite did with Abraham. The patriarch expected to purchase it "for as much money as it was worth," but it was said to him, "Nay, my lord, hear me; the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people, give I it thee; bury thy dead." My heart is full of sympathy and overflows with gratitude to the donors.

How soon is the splendid lot occupied not only by Estelle but also by the youngest child of the recipient of this magnificent gift. Little did I think

when I went on the morning of Sabbath December 9th 1883, the first time of my being out since the spraining of my ankle, on the 20th of November, that I would find (on being brought home in the carriage of my friend Jos. B. Moore, Esq., true to me as the needle to the pole), my beloved little boy, so ill. He grew worse all the time until noon on Tuesday, December 11th 1883. Kneeling by his side I closed his eyes in death. A mother's love and Dr. J. P. Reynolds's greatest professional care from the time he was taken, till death, and every other proper attention, could not stay the progress of the disease, or defy the darts of death. How soon this fragrant flower fades.

This little boy was a great joy and comfort to his parents. He went with me frequently on my pastoral visits; to baptisms; to funerals; to the church, and his little soul was in an ecstacy over the Tent at Broad and Spring Garden streets, especially with the noon-time meetings for the workingmen. He was with me nearly all the thirty-six days I held meetings for them. How he would sing, and repeat the Lord's prayer, and go around amongst the men with tracts; and from his little hands the workingmen received them with great pleasure.

Those industrious sons of toil can never forget as they filed into the Great Tent, and would seat themselves near the door, a little timid, how that little child would so kindly beckon with his right arm and sign to them to come up higher and be more together. Little then did he or any of us suppose before Christmas he would be—

"An angel and before the Saviour stand,
With a crown upon his forehead
And a harp within his hand,"

still beckoning to the workingman, his parents and friends to "come up higher." One of the points I make on the text as preached to the workingmen, this little boy by my side; "A little child shall lead them," was, that when a child failed in every other way, their severance from their parents effected the work, and we lovingly say, in relation to our ascended children, "they cannot come to us but we can go to them." May little Earle St. Clair and others, thus lead many to Christ and to heaven.

'And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

One of the most delightful reminiscences of this little boy is in the presence of his mother, he with quite a number of little children, at Sanctuary, some several months ago, came at my invitation and stood around the altar. We sung old fashioned hymns. I tried to adapt my address to their capacities and they seemed to appreciate the effort, especially when all the members came up at our request and cordially shook hands with them and bade them welcome. I said, "from the children the future members of Sanctuary and other churches are to come." This little boy received the impression that day that he joined the church, and ever after if anyone would ask him, "what church do you belong to, Earle?" he would, in public or private, tell all who asked him, and say, "I belong to Sanctuary."

The funeral services were held at the home of his parents, and were conducted by Rev. C. F. Turner, assisted by Rev. Dr. Vernon, of Trinity M. E. Church, and Rev. S. N. Chew, of Twentieth Street M. E. Church. The ministers all deeply impressed the family and audience. Mr. Chew sung all alone so solemnly,

"One by one gathering home."

He also very touchingly related the substance of a dream this child's mother had on Saturday night, the 8th inst., and she related it to little Earle on Sabbath morning. She dreamed she met Estelle, and they walked together on a bright pathway. Estelle looked up and saw little Earle and called him to come to her; he came, having in his hand a little shovel and bucket; she asked him "what has Estelle's lovely little white head been doing?" Earle replied, "I have been digging gold." This put Estelle in an ecstacy of joy; she jumped and clapped her hands with extreme delight. Mr. Chew said, "they have met not to dig gold, but to be forever with the Lord, and praise him day and night where there is no sickness or sorrow, in that city whose walls are of jasper and whose streets are of gold."

"And the building of the wall of it was jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass." Rev. 21st chapter, 18th verse.

Both together they sleep in the new, beautiful Machpelah. They were strongly attached in life,

and not widely separated in death or in the city of the Great King.

It may well be said they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." Only, a little while. Now they are gathered home never more to part.

"One by one we are gathering home."

Though Earle was so young he had drawn many to love him, especially the workingmen at the Tent.

The Sanctuary M. E. Church friends were so kind we cannot forget them. None more so than Rev. Wm. S. Shipley; I can truly say of this brother, he is a faithful steward, and faithful in all his bearing in Sanctuary, and his labors have been owned and blessed by God. His singing has been useful, and little Earle used often say, "Mr. Shipley, you sing old fashioned hymns; I like old fashioned hymns!"

Kind friends have sent us letters and words of sympathy. The following is from the beloved minister who baptized little Earle in the spring of 1880, and was pastor of my family at that time—Rev. Jaoob S. Hughes:

POTTSTOWN, PA., Dec. 14th 1883.

DEAR BROTHER MANSHIP:

We are very sorry to hear of your sad bereavement in the death of your dear little boy. Surely the ways of God are past finding out, and what he doeth we know not now. In the day of eternity, however, the wisdom and love of all his providences will be gloriously disclosed. I am glad you have unfal-

tering confidence in his goodness. Heaven, I am sure, must be growing sweeter with these translations of your loved ones, one after another. They cannot return to you, but you can go to them. Give our sympathies to Sister M. and all the children. Be assured that you have a deep interest in our fervent prayers.

Yours in Christ,

J. S. HUGHES.

No later than the 2d or 3d of October 1883, Rev. John A. Roche, D.D., left our house; he had sojourned with us a few days, helping us in the final meetings at the Tent and at Sanctuary. My bosom and long-tried friend writes us so tenderly:

125 Willoughby Avenue,
BROOKLYN, Dec. 12th 1883.

REV. ANDREW MANSHIP:

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours of the 11th has just reached me. I take the first opportunity to express to you and your devoted wife my profound sympathy, and that of my wife, in the bereavement you now suffer in the death of that bright child who was to you such a joy and hope. It is one of the mysteries of God. When I was with you he was so full of life. He was to you such delight. God has taken him. He had something better for him where he now is. Then with a bleeding heart say—

"Go to thy rest, fair child,
Go to thy dreamless bed;
Gentle and meek and mild,
With blessings on thy head!

"Fresh roses in thy hand,
Friends on thy pillow laid;
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade."

Please accept the condolence of myself and wife, and present

the same to your dear companion. With kindest remembrance and sincerest prayers, I am, dear brother,

Yours in Christ,

J. A. ROCHE.

The following brief letter is from a great friend of our Tent work, whose sympathies have been with us in life as well as in death.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15th 1883.

DEAR BROTHER MANSHIP: I was at your house yesterday until the little casket was taken away, and felt as only a father can feel who has passed through the same dark waters of affliction. May the Lord comfort you, your wife and family. I will write to you or see you shortly.

Yours in Christ,

JOS. CLOUGH.

Having recently preached for the two following brethren in the ministry, and being in correspondence with them they learned of little Earle's death. I felt pleased, greatly gratified to receive from each of them such a kind letter.

ST. GEORGES, DEL., Dec. 13th 1883.

DEAR BRO. MANSHIP: We were sorry to learn of your bereavement in the death of your son. We have remembered you in out petitions at a throne of Grace.

Last night in our prayer-meeting, many prayers ascended for you and yours in this sad hour. Yet no doubt you realize that it is the hand of a Father. They that trust in him shall never be confounded, is the promise. The Father knows what is best for his child—no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby. We trust and pray that the blessing of the Lord in an especial manner may be

yours, and that his strength may be given to you and yours in large measure. In seasons like this, there is a mercy seat where we all can meet by faith though far apart in the flesh. The Lord and Master whom you have served so long will not leave you comfortless in this trouble. The joy of the Lord will now be your strength.

Yours in Christ,

F. J. COCHRAN.

ROXBORO', PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 13th 1883.

DEAR BRO. MANSHIP: Your letter of yesterday was, as you may suppose, a sad surprise to me. It would have comforted your heart, however, I am sure, if you could have been in our prayer-meeting last evening and witnessed my people bowing in silent prayer for you and yours. Although you did not see their tears of sympathy, our Heavenly Father did, and recorded them too. Those of us who have not passed through such a trial know nothing of its anguish. I said, in speaking of this sorrow to my people last evening, if it be true that "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," then how dearly must he love some people, although we misunderstand his love in such hours as these.

What a broad beaten path is that of sorrow. When I shall have penned these lines I must hurry away and endeavor to comfort a family also burying an only son, a bright, beautiful boy between 4 and 5 years of age. Strange to say, this is their second sorrow, and that within a few weeks past. May that blessed Gospel you have so long preached to others be your comfort now. God bless you all.

Fraternally,

JOS. B. GRAFF.

The following chaste, sympathetic, friendly Christian letter is from the daughter of Rev. H. B. Mauger, my classmate in the conference, whom I always "esteemed highly for his work's sake," and for whom I entertained strong feelings of love and friendship. He recently passed away very suddenly.

I saw his funeral notice in the *Ledger*. I was then suffering in my room with a sprained ankle. I at once wrote to Sister Mauger, as I saw it was impossible to attend the funeral. That very day I received a kind invitation from Rev. Samuel W. Gehrett pastor of Olney M. E. Church. Then I said I must go, but the doctor said that it was out of the question.

My brethren and cotemporaries in the ministry are "one by one gathering home," but the promise is unto to us and to our children:

OLNEY, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16, 1883.

DEAR BROTHER MANSHIP; Your very kind and sympathizing letter in reference to dear papa's sudden death, was followed so closely by the news of your little boy's death, that our hearts are full of sadness in having so soon to sympathize with you. We remember you well as papa's friend, and mamma sends her love and joins with you and Mrs. Manship in the prayer that these trials which give us such pain and sorrow may be "sanctified to our good." Our loved ones are only gone up higher, and we know we will meet them again.

Your dear little boy was, I learn, converted last summer; and though so young as to have little to repent of, it is very beautiful to know that he had so clear an understanding, and was so wise in spiritual things. I know how you will miss him, and how your hearts will ache as you look for the bright little face in vain; but knowing that the loving remembrance of friends is precious, and comforting, though words are vain, I feel like writing, hoping I may not have added to your grief. In mamma's name I express our heartfelt sympathy to your family and self. Your truly,

E. ELLA MAUGER.

I am happy to know that we have sympathizing friends amongst all classes, and many a noble heart has pitied us who has not expressed that pity in

words. The following is from the pastor of Rev. H. B. Mauger's family:-

OLNEY, CITY, Dec. 18, 1883.

DEAR BRO.: I tender my heartfelt sympathy to you and yours in your recent bereavement. May the God of all grace greatly comfort, bless and sustain you.

Fraternally,

S. W. GEHRETT.

The following tribute of respect is from an Episcopalian lady who met little Earle in the great Tent:

IN MEMORIAM:

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE EARLE ST. CLAIR.

This lovely plant so young and rare,
Its fragrance sweet perfumed the air;
The heavenly gard'ner came, with tender care,
Into his pasture, green and fair,
This tender plant transplanted there.

With sincere condolence for the bereaved parents,

E. E. K.

This Christian lady, Mrs. E. E. K., further says:

"During the services held at the Tent on Broad and Spring Garden Streets, one Sabbath afternoon, as I entered the place, I was deeply impressed as I looked upon the face of this lovely child seated beside his father in the pulpit, among many clergymen present, singing the beautiful hymn, 'Nearer my God to thee.' I could distinguish his childlike voice above the rest. As I listened I was inspired, as it were, with the blending of angel voices. It appeared to my mind, at that moment, that angels had come to bring a message of love. In the mission of this beautiful child, so brief and yet so glorious, so full of promise in the life beyond, his light went out, reflecting its radiance like the summer's setting sun."

Rev. Bishop Campbell, of the African M. E. Church, is an old friend of mine. In the great Tent meeting at Broad and Spring Garden, he preached most powerfully on, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" In 1864, I was pastor of Hedding M. E. Church, 16th below Fairmount Avenue, and Bishop Campbell preached gloriously; it was my second administration; I was there from 1853 to 1856, during which time the church was built; again from 1863 to 1866.

It was at the General Conference of the African M. E. Church, held in Bethel, Philadelphia, in 1864, at which time the Methodist Episcopal Church held also their General Conference in Union M. E. Church, Phila. I suppose more than one hundred delegates from the M. E. General Conference came to Hedding to hear the colored Bishop, who was just elected. Nobly did he proclaim the acceptable day of the Lord. I wrote to him, having "tried him and proved him" to preach one of the sermons in Sanctuary on the day of our contemplated re-opening of Sanctuary M. E. Church, Jan. 6th 1884. I also spoke in my letter of the afflictions we had been called upon to pass through. I also sent him *The Pioneer*, a delightful monthly published by Rev. F. E. Marine, in Baltimore. It contained an article I wrote on "Home missionary work;" and I congratulated the Bishop in my letter and his vigorous influential African M. E. Church in procuring the church property at 16th and Fairmount Avenne, which I labored so hard to build up in every way. Our white friends are building a more costly church in the same neigh-

borhood, hence they have sold Hedding to our colored brethren, and I have no doubt it will ever be "the house of God and the gate of Heaven." I recently bought and have read the life of Rev. Richard Allen, the founder and first Bishop of the African M. E. Church. He did right in organizing that church, over fifty years ago. Still we are one in Christ. And I can most devoutly pray and say in behalf of that Hedding M. E. Church, that is daguerreotyped on my heart, "For this cause I bow my knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by the spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

The day the great battle of Gettysburg was fought, in 1863, I was in my second administration, re-opening with Rev. Wm. M. D. Ryan, then of Washington, D. C., and my true friend, Governor Wm. Cannon, of Delaware. At that time, and in the audience on Sabbath night, General Meade's sister was present, solicitious for her brother, the leading spirit of Gettysburg, and it was a critical period; but our army prevailed; our sacramental army also prevailed, and no one will be surprised that knows my connections with the church,

that I am glad that "our God is marching on." And, as in the army, the colored regiments were important, so this conquering legion must triumph, and glorious old Hedding, the spiritual birthplace of hundreds, perhaps thousands—amongst the number many who have been called into the ministry, and not a few have gone in blood-bought triumph to join the millions that have reached the ever blessed abode, will ever live in the memory of teeming hundreds on earth, and in heaven. Glory to God, that church has a soul-saving history and she will "stand as she ever hath stood," a Methodist Episcopal Church, in which "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." Here may God's people enjoy the greatest freedom. "Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and thy saints shout for joy." As they "cry out, and shout," may it be a means of saving some who may, at least, "open their windows towards Jerusalem," and join in the song,

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat,
O be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet,
Our God is marching on."

CHORUS.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Perhaps nothing binds my heart so closely to that church as the fact that in 1859 a precious companion was buried from there. Funeral services conducted by Bishop Scott, and others. And in April 1883, our dear Estelle's funeral obsequies were there conducted. Perhaps that church was never so crowded. Rev. Curtis F. Turner, on that occasion

said, "Just here where Estelle sleeps in her casket in this chancel Bishop Scott took her in his arms, when a babe, and dedicated her to the Lord in baptism and said, God bless the child."

My readers will be pleased to read Bishop Campbell's letter of the 18th Dec. 1883.

PHILADELPHIA, December 18th, 1883.

REV. A. MANSHIP:

DEAR SIR: Your kind favor and most interesting communication of the 15th inst., came to hand by due course of mail yesterday. Our hearts were very much moved with deep, deep sympathy when we read the plain, simple story of your afflictions, the loss of a daughter in April last, by burning to death, and a precious child so recently, with other family afflictions added to your own personal affliction. But we have relief in this, that you yourself are, in the midst of all these calamities, enabled to realize the fact that "all things work together for good to them who love God, and who are the called of God according to his purposes." And that "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." May the Lord have compassion upon your dear daughter and strengthen her heart to bear the affliction of the loss of loved ones. And may you yourself be restored to health and strength.

I know how to enter into your very thoughts and feelings about Hedding Church, We expect to meet you there as we have done before in times past.

I have seen Rev. T. G. Steward, pastor of Union Church, and have shown him your letter. He is coming to see you.

Now, on account of bodily afflictions, on account of which I am now under special treatment by my physicians, and following their advice even to the matter of public speaking, I am obliged to decline the acceptance of your request to preach upon the occasion of your re-opening Sanctuary Church, but I do offer you Elder Steward for my substitute. Try him, and you, with your people, will be pleased.

Your article in the *Pioneer* is really excellent, lacking nothing that I can see to make it acceptable to all the lovers of Jesus and the spread of the gospel.

I am yours in Christ,

J. P. CAMPBELL.

The following short but comprehensive letter, in answer to one I sent him, is from my friend, Rev. Thomas Hanlon, D.D., President of Pennington Seminary, N. J., who has so nobly agreed to aid us in our reopening of Sanctuary M. E. Church on the 6th of January 1884. He is fully able, by God's blessing, to fill the place of a bishop, and if some day that honor should be conferred upon him, he would be found "holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able, by sound doctrine, both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers."

PENNINGTON, N. J., Dec. 19th 1883.

REV. A. MANSHIP:

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter is received. Providence permitting, I will help you January 6th. You have my sympathy and prayers. God bless you. Yours truly,

THOMAS HANLON.

And now, to my readers I will say farewell in wielding the pen (which "is mightier than the sword"), until I come again, if it be God's will, in my "Forty Years in the Wilderness led by a Pillar of Cloud and Fire." I have no doubt many of my readers will rejoice to see that I am full of zeal, and ready to try to "do and dare," for the Captain of our Salvation. A certain friend to whom I was under obligations, attended one of my Sabbath afternoon meetings recently in Sanctuary. He seemed to enjoy the meetings much; he spoke eloquently in the back

part of the house. It was a lovefeast. I did not recognise him at the time. When all was over, and the people had mostly retired, he came up to the altar; as he neared me I saw it was my friend W. He said, very tenderly, "Brother Manship, how glad I am to see you in this heavenly work and atmosphere," and so kindly said, "all is settled between you and me." He grasped me by the hand and kissed me. How this touched my feelings. What a prayer that is, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

"With malice towards none, with charity for all," and with a hope that I may live many effective years to do good and communicate, I hope all will think of me kindly, sympathize with me deeply, pray for me earnestly, "though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, be much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now you see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

"There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

THE END.

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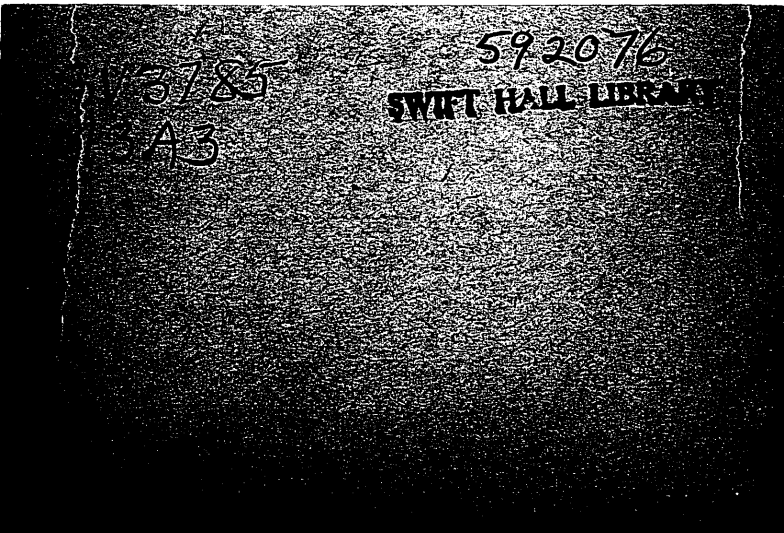

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